ne Freeman

Vol. VII. No. 172.

NEW YORK, 27 JUNE, 1923

15 CENTS

CURRENT COMMENT, 361

TOPICS OF THE TIME Fact-Finding Miners, 364 A Word to Architects, 364 The Birth of Nescience, 365 Accepted Fable, 366

MISCELLANY, 367

With Her Beauty, by Tu Fu,

The State: IV, by Albert Jay Nock, 368 The Assault on Humanism, by Edwin Muir, 369 Sir John Suckling, by Llewelyn Powys, 372

LETTERS FROM ABROAD The Imperial Frontier, by Townsend Hills, jun., 373 THE THEATRE

The Passing of the Ballet Russe, by Arthur Moss, 375

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

More Light and Light It Grows

More Light and Light It Grows

, by William Ellery
Leonard, 376; Zaghlul Pasha,
by Helen Woljeska, 376; The
Church Militant, by L. B.
Nagler, 376; The Origin of a
Dialect, by Howard K. Hollister, 376; A True Story, by
Louis F. Post, 377

Tolstoy's Dramas, by Walter Prichard Eaton, 377
Casanova, by Clarkson Crane, 378
Modern French Painters, by Thomas Craven, 379
Iroquois Folk-Lore, by Robert H. Lowie, 380
The Ancient Grudge, by Max Radin, 381
Shorter Notices, 382
Ex Libris, by Maurice Francis Egan, 382

hardy sailors wherever the ship may be. To Mr. Harding's hogshead-hunters who threaten to run wild on foreign ships with Carrie Nation's hatchet, we commend a phrase from Artemus Ward's letter to President Lincoln: "Tell E. Stanton that his boldness, honesty, and vigger merits all praise, but to keep his undergarmints on."

In the midst of all this hubbub, Mr. Hughes has furnished a pleasant diversion with his proposal that if the foreign Governments will concede to the American Government a twelve-mile limit for search and seizure of rum-smugglers, he and Mr. Harding will permit their ships to bring liquor into our ports under seal, and will be willing to embody the dicker in a solemn treaty. This proposal has the double merit of showing the dry brethren that Mr. Hughes is the right sort and does not carry his heart in his hip-pocket, and also of being absolutely harmless. There is little chance that the foreign Governments will accede, under any consideration, to a twelve-mile limit. There are complex political considerations involved; and besides, many of their worthiest citizens turn a pretty penny in connexion with the rumsmuggling business, which would be much more costly and difficult if the dry-line extended twelve miles from shore. The most curious feature of Mr. Hughes's proposal is that it would involve a complete overturn of the decision of the Supreme Court. Mr. Hughes adorned one of the Court's benches until he resigned to talk himself out of the presidency, and one would scarcely have expected from him a suggestion that one of the Court's sacrosanct opinions be nullified by joint action of the Executive and the Senate.

THE anonymous satirical columnist who competes with Mr. Will Rogers in leavening the Sunday edition of the New York Times, relates a significant incident of the recent convention of the American Booksellers Association. Laws on book-censorship were under discussion, and one bookseller had the hardihood to suggest that if an enlightened public demanded books dealing with the realities of life, it was the function of the bookshop to serve the demand. This gentleman's speech was denounced as bolshevism and formally expunged from the record, while a Boston delegate roused great applause by depicting the happy condition in his town, where books are sold only on the approval of the Watch and Ward Society.

APPARENTLY the organization of booksellers, in common with the National Association of Book Publishers and the Authors League, is obsessed by curious illusions about the prestige to be gained from submission to a public censorship, and by an equally curious lack of belief that freedom matters. Here we think these organizations show not only a misanthropical distrust of the morals and good sense of both writers and the reading public, but mighty poor business sense as well. Once they permit the censorship to be clamped down on their business, they will find that ignorance and prejudice, the twin brethren of regulation, will begin to eat away the vitality of their product. Indeed, with the representative bodies

CURRENT COMMENT.

THE politicians continue to make an impressive racket by walloping the demon rum with the slapsticks, and doubtless their efforts will grow more vigorous as the months draw on towards the big political contest of next Senator Borah remarked the other day that it looked as if alcoholic content would become the paramount issue in the presidential campaign. This possibility is perhaps not altogether disagreeable to the poli-They will have a number of pressing domestic problems to dodge next year, and the drink-issue offers a diversion as effective as anything they will be able to The voters have lost interest in the burlesque tariff-battles between the old parties, which constituted American politics for half a century, and perhaps John Barleycorn can now be made to replace the tariff as a standing issue. If this is the case, we may expect some magnificent political contests on the question whether an intoxicating beverage consists of one per cent or one-half of one per cent of alcohol.

MEANWHILE it appears that the recent decision of the Supreme Court ordering foreign vessels bound for our ports to dump their stocks of liquor beyond the three-mile limit, is causing no little embarrassment and confusion in the Administration. Mr. Haynes, the Grand Cyclops of the Volstead law in Washington, has served notice that the Federal dry squads will search rigorously and will be prepared to seize any foreign vessels on which the Brothers Haig or Johnny Walker are concealed as stowaways, or on which members of the crew are found wickedly consuming grog with their dinner. Mr. Canfield, the local Federal Kleagle in New York, declares that for alien seamen grog is legitimate medicine, and he will be disinclined to take any measures that may undermine their health. The White House asserts that the law, as interpreted by the Supreme Court, will be strictly enforced; while Secretary Mellon intimates that the law will be enforced with considerable discretion. To add to the comedy, the Italian and French ambassadors have been bombarding the State Department with daily protests on behalf of French and Italian shipowners who are compelled by law to furnish a ration of wine to their

of the literary trade displaying such a servile temper, literary creation would seem to be in a parlous way in this country, censorship or no censorship. None of the great writers of the world, from Sophocles to Anatole France, could have flowered under the censorship of the Watch and Ward Society or Mr. Sumner's organization; none could have produced in a society so prudishly submissive that even organized booksellers, publishers and authors were not inspired to stand for freedom of expression. When Mr. Joseph Conrad arrived in this country on his recent visit, he was asked what he thought about American literature, and he replied diplomatically: "I am a sea captain." What else could a courteous visitor say about a literature produced under such auspices?

WHILE Mr. Harding continues to make cautious speeches about the desirability of entering into "some sort of association" with the Governments banded together in the League of Nations, a way of actual approach to the League has been quietly opened. Under an arrangement between American bankers and officials of the League, Americans have subscribed to about a fifth of the League's loan of \$126 million dollars to its dictatorship in Austria. Thus Americans are being induced to begin a process of buying into the League, in much the same fashion that they were led to buy into the war, and under virtually the same auspices. The initial investment is not a large one, but it is a fair start. The rate of interest is somewhat fatter than that on the foreign warloans, being about two points beyond the usury limit; but it is probably justified by the risk, and by the fact that the loan is guaranteed by eight Governments about half of which are already persistent defaulters on money borrowed from American taxpayers.

In connexion with this financial operation there was a brisk revival of the stories of how Austria was being saved by this golden injection. In a circular issued on behalf of the loan, Dr. Alfred Zimmerman, who has been appointed Dictator of Austria by the League, asserted that the Austrian Government had instituted "a programme of reform," and that waste had been eliminated. Features of the reform were stabilization of the currency, reduction of the number of political place-holders, and the delivery of the railways and other State monopolies to private privilegees. At the recent Socialist congress at Hamburg, Herr Bauer, the Austrian leader, gave some further details of the character of these reforms. safeguards which the workers had built up for their protection were being broken down, he declared, the burden of taxation was being shifted from the large landholders to the shoulders of the poor, and the military caste of the old regime was coming back to preferment. Herr Bauer frankly stated that the League of Nations was an agency of reaction, to be classed with French imperialism and the German monarchist movement. We note that Mr. Nathaniel Peffer, writing in the New Republic from Vienna, confirms the stories of widespread misery among the Austrian masses and also supplements Herr Bauer's story. If "Austria" has been "saved" by the League, salvation has not been extended to the producing classes.

DURING Lord Robert Cecil's recent evangelistic junket in this country he emphasized particularly two points in the programme of regeneration and uplift which he ascribed to the League of Nations. The League, he asserted, was striking vigorous blows at the opium traffic and was concocting a plan of general disarmament which would make the dogs of war slink away to their Stygian kennels for ever. When Congressman Porter, Chairman

of the Committee on Foreign Relations of the House, pointed out that the League had consistently welched on the opium question, Lord Robert replied that the League's committee was about to devise a formula for abolishing the drug-traffic. When other critics pointed out that since the birth of the League armaments had increased to a point unparalleled in history, Lord Robert asserted that another committee of the League was about to hatch a solution for that problem also; and thus it appeared that the millennium was on the march.

THE two committees have now held their meetings, and the practical results could be poised on the point of a needle. Lord Robert was himself a member of the disarmament committee. He presented a plan for disarmament of sorts, and the French Government presented a plan. Doubtless these two proposals would make entertaining reading, but unfortunately the sessions of the committee were conducted behind locked doors, after the fashion of the League and its collateral bodies, and neither plan was revealed to the vulgar plebeian eye. After a few days of secret discussion it was announced that no agreement had been reached, and the committee silently dispersed. When the committee on opium assembled, Congressman Porter was present, with other American delegates. Mr. Porter made the common-sense suggestion that the opium problem should be attacked at the source of supply, and therefore he proposed an agreement limiting production strictly to the medical needs of the world. The salvationists of the League, however, showed no enthusiasm for this simple plan. They plastered it with nullifying reservations, and finally wound up by merely adopting a vague resolution recommending that Governments individually take up Mr. Porter's plan with the American Government. It is clear that no committee of the League will interfere with the powerful British and Dutch interests enlisted in the opium business, which is not only a rich source of colonial profit, but also, as the British imperialists well know, affords a convenient instrument for ruining the minds of restless Oriental subjects.

WHILE we are reluctant to speak with undue harshness of any fellow-being, we feel impelled to state our conviction that Lord Robert has inherited the mantle of Mr. Woodrow Wilson. He is the most conspicuous preacher of political salvation in the world to-day, and his output of promissory words is generous to the point of extravagance. No one proclaims the millennium more appealingly; and indeed we believe that Lord Robert is ardently in favour of the millennium, if it can be achieved without any disturbance of the established order. He would end wars by having some committee of politicians pass a pacific resolution; he would abolish imperialism by calling it by another name. It is little wonder that his magnificent idealism has roused the enthusiasm of the liberal brethren the world over. They have not enjoyed such an excellent and uplifting good time since those thrilling days when Mr. Wilson was constructing a new heaven and a new earth out of perfectly lovely phrases.

GERMAN paper currency has now fallen so low that for less than ten dollars one can become a millionaire in marks. The money turned out by the governmental printing-press is no longer a standard of value. The whole financial fabric is in collapse. Under these circumstances, the time may come when the workers in the Ruhr will no longer find it possible to continue their passive resistance to the French occupation; in order to live they may have to go to work under M. Poincaré's bayonets. In

that event the French Government's adventure in banditry will take on a more prosperous complexion, and the Comité des Forges will be in a good strategic position to drive a sharp bargain with the German industrialists. A surrender in the Ruhr, however, would work no magic in the way of an economic revival in Germany. Rather, it might well accelerate the downfall. For a temporary paralysis it would merely substitute a serious permanent drain on an industrial system that has already been dangerously weakened.

As far as we can see, there are three possible courses that the Germans might take. First, they can follow the Austrian example and surrender their affairs into the hands of the international bankers via the League of Nations. For some time the bankers seem to have been speculating hopefully upon this prospect. It would mean the appointment of a financial dictator over Germany, the pegging of the mark within the margin of discernible value, substantial loans from the bankers-at their price. Germany would be transformed into a vast sweat-shop for the benefit of the League and the bondholders, and the whole structure of advanced social legislation would doubtless be discarded in the interest of the speeding-up process. This is not a pleasant fate to contemplate for the most highly civilized people on our planet. Moreover, the evil results of overproduction by starved and sweated German labour would be felt in lowered standards of living among the producing masses in every country.

THE second possible course is to call back the monarchist fee-fo-fums and let them start their great adventure in clearing out the hated foreigner and restoring the good old days of normalcy. Such a policy would probably be suicidal. The survivors of the old gang know only the way of force, and they have lost their tools, to say nothing of their hold on the morale of the population. They would be faced with war on all frontiers, and nothing to wage it with. The third course is the hardly less precarious one of a sharp turn to the Left. For some time there have been rumblings in Berlin of Bolshevism to come, but possibly most of these are the propaganda of gloomy industrialists. An administration under the rigid economists of the Left might also mean war, but it would probably bring in an ally which expects to have three million surplus bushels of grain this year. Would British labour fight? Could the American Henry Dubb be persuaded once more to cross the ocean and make the world safe for normalcy? Or, after the grain-bearing ally had come kicking his way through Poland, would M. Poincaré be left to face the Red legions alone? After Comrade Lenin fell heir to Russia his subtle propagandists sprayed the Kaiser's iron battalions with a poison gas which no mask could keep out; and eventually the German armies melted away. Could German communists whisper away the iron ring of M. Poincaré? From this distance there is no German Lenin visible to the naked eye, but should one unexpectedly rise up out of the political chaos, the romantic possibilities would be infinite.

Two questions of major importance have been raised in the course of the current debate between the President of Clark University and certain members of his faculty. The first of these questions has to do with the advisability of a concentration of effort on the part of the graduate school of a comparatively small institution. President Atwood argues that such a concentration is highly desirable if not absolutely necessary; and in pursuit of this policy, the graduate departments of biology, physics, mathematics, psychology, and sociology have been discontinued, a department of geography has been established, and plans have been made for the expansion of the allied departments of economics, and of history and international relations. Except for the abandonment of sociology, the programme seems consistent enough; and certainly it is only through some such limitation of its field that a small graduate school can make itself of greatest service to the extension of research and the advancement of knowledge.

THE second question that has been raised at Clark University is of an altogether different order, for it has to do with the spirit which should direct the advanced study of the environment and activities of man. It is in this field, above all others, that a spirit of scientific detachment is most necessary to fair dealing, and it is here, precisely, that President Atwood falls short. Of Mr. Atwood's scientific attainments in his chosen field of geography we know nothing; nor do we consider that this is a matter of the first importance. The salient fact is that at Clark the study of human relations is being developed under the direction of an enemy of free speech and a partisan of the established order, who turned the lights out when Mr. Scott Nearing attempted to speak on the campus at Worcester, and himself made a speech in New York City in the course of which he said that it was the chief function of the modern university to make itself of use to the business-world. With such a man in control, it seems likely that Clark will simply give us a great deal more of those things that we have already in too great abundance-an economics of business-as-usual, a history of an all-perfect America, and a geography of backward peoples, exploitable resources and imperialist possibilities.

THE people who make their living out of the motionpicture business have been holding a congress in New York City, and hopes rise high that they will hereafter come a little nearer earning their incomes. The authors complained that they hardly recognize their magazinestories when they see them unrolled on the screen, and the producers replied that the authors ought to create in terms of the new medium, instead of trying to double-sell everything they do, first to the publishers, and then to the picture-men. This latter contention sounds reasonable, as does also the suggestion that the producers ought to leave off trying to please every man, woman and child in the United States with every picture they produce, and establish a circuit of little theatres where experimental pictures can be shown to limited audiences. The censorship came in, very properly, for a good thumping; but then we never have been able to see that the censors were responsible for the most serious defect of the movies -that is, for their downright inanity. In this connexion, we take the liberty of quoting that able satirist, Mr. Will Rogers, who remarks that there has been a great improvement lately in the all-American art; the pictures are about as bad as ever, but you can always say, when you leave the theatre, that the folks in the play had fine moralsmighty fine morals.

The editors can not be responsible for manuscripts submitted, but if return postage be enclosed, they will do all in their power to see that rejected manuscripts are returned promptly.

It is not to be understood that articles signed with a name, pseudonym, or initials necessarily agree with the opinion of the editors, either in substance or style. They are printed because in the editors' judgment, they are intrinsically worth reading.

Editors—Van Wyck Brooks, Harold Kellock, Suzanne La Follette, Francis Neilson, Albert Jay Nock and Geroid Tanquary Robinson. Published weekly by the Freeman Corporation, B. W. Huebsch, Gen'I Mgr., 116 West 13th Street, New York, N. Y. Subscription rates, per year, postpaid: in the United States and Mexico, \$6.00; in Canada, \$6.50; elsewhere, \$7.00. London subscription representative, Dorothy Thurtle, 36 Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 11. Copyright, 1923, by The Freeman Corporation, 27 June, 1923. Vol. VII. No. 172. Entered as second-class matter 12 March, 1920, at the post-office at New York, N. Y.; under the act of 3 March, 1879.

TOPICS OF THE TIME.

FACT-FINDING MINERS.

If the fact-finding commission appointed by President Harding under act of Congress, to investigate the coal-mining industry, proves to be just like any other Governmental commission, it will not be the fault of the mine-workers. Their organization has been bombarding the commission with pertinent facts and with considerable suggestions for improving the economy of the coal-business. Their latest offering is a statement from the anthracite miners pointing out that under the system of accounting used by the commission in gathering statistics to determine costs, profits, and investment in the industry, there are thirty-six separate opportunities for inaccuracy or inflation. The miners insist, logically enough, that only through a definitive system of accounting can the essential facts about the business be determined.

From this the miners proceed to certain fundamental suggestions. They declare that the anthracite business is conducted as a monopoly, whereas it should be carried on as a public service. While it continues to enjoy the prerogatives of monopoly, the miners insist that it should be subject to public regulation. It should have a standardized system of accountancy and its books should be open. The profits should be limited to a reasonable return on the sacrifice-cost to investors. Speculative and collateral profits should be done away with. In order to transform the industry into a public service, the miners propose that private ownership in the coal-mines be liquidated by a system of gradual payments extending over fifty years. The total cost of such a programme, including interest and sinking fund, they place at twenty-seven cents a ton.

It is not our purpose at present to discuss these proposals. We prefer rather to call attention to a significant fact which is indicated in them: the fact that the coal-miners have progressed far beyond the narrow trade-unionist philosophy of Mr. Gompers. Their ambitions have soared well past the immediate problems of wages and hours, and they see that in the long view their welfare is bound to the welfare of their industry. As long as the industry is a tail on the kite of monopoly, they are condemned to chaffer over monopoly's lean doles. As long as the industry is given over to speculative profits, waste and mismanagement, their lives must be fruitless. Only through a system of well-ordered productivity can the industry be made yield them a decent return for their toil.

In America it is all too rare to find a labourorganization reaching so broad an outlook. This breadth of view is perhaps due to the fact that the miners are organized on an industrial basis, rather than on the restrictive basis of craft-unionism; and thus they are able to achieve a vision of their industry as a whole, its economic structure, its relation to the productive life of the country. Their leaders, moreover, have apparently had the good sense to turn for advice to the economist and the technical expert rather than to the politician and the legal casuist.

In our opinion the miners are carrying on an educational work of great value for themselves and the rest of the community. Whether or not their efforts will bring enlightenment to the United States Coal Commission remains to be seen. Political commissions are commonly impervious to education. It is not their business to learn, or to solve any fundamental problems, but to devise a pretty bit of window dressing to divert the

man in the street. The Coal Commission was born of political necessity. The coal-strike and the chaotic conditions in the coal-industry had caused such a public clamour that Senator Borah's plan for the appointment of a fact-finding body had to go through, though it was somewhat modified and weakened in transit. It will be remembered that a few years ago the British Government was forced to create a somewhat similar commission. Through some miracle the Sankey Commission submitted a report recommending certain fundamental changes in the industry, calculated to break the hold of monopoly. The politicians completely ignored the findings, as it was inevitable they would. It is highly improbable that political agencies in this country will be influenced by the zealous analytical work of the American miners. The miners, however, may comfort themselves with the knowledge that energy expended in education is never lost.

A WORD TO ARCHITECTS.

ARCHITECTURE, the architects think, has been ignored by the press and public, and the time has come when something should be done about it. The Committee on Education of the American Institute of Architects, for example, has issued a ponderous volume on "The Significance of the Fine Arts." It holds the fond belief that if the people can but be tempted to direct their attention to significance, architecture will rise to new heights. Incidentally, and it is useless to disguise the fact, the trade of the architect is being interfered with; not seriously as yet, but to an extent which is at least The volume of building now passing disquieting. through the hands of architects, even including the graduate carpenters and real-estate men who boldly assume the title, is pitifully small. On the other hand, the volume going to engineers and the big contracting firms who are supplying architectural service, is steadily increasing. The phenomenon is not yet of striking or portentous moment to the architects, at least not in their public pronouncements; but still it has that precious quality called significance.

In the New York *Times* of 20 May last, Mr. Walter Lippmann considered the sad plight of architecture; and in chiding the profession for its failure properly to get its works before the public, he said:

Not to have supplied this service of criticism of buildings and this personal introduction of the creators is a serious neglect on the part of those concerned with architecture. This is the present day method of gossiping—of satisfying the inquisitive instinct. Where in earlier, smaller, and less hurried groups, talk about buildings and architects was passed by word of mouth, the press or other organized publicity must to-day boldly declare these things or the living people will never have the opportunity to be more than merely conscious of that art which is always closest to them and the most conspicuous mirror of their culture.

If the architects allow themselves to be lulled into a sense of security by these brave words of Mr. Lippmann, we think he will have done them a disservice which they will be likely to regret. In the first place, what could be more ridiculous than to suggest that it is necessary or possible to bridge, through organized publicity, the gap between the day when architecture was literally the written record of mankind, in symbolic characters almost universally understood, and the present day when the symbolism is of a different kind, even though our architecture is still mankind's ineluctable record? This is the sheerest nonsense yet put forth as a plea for the architect. If he be led to put his money on this kind of horse in the mad race for

publicity, the maddest race of our day, then he will be more stupid than he seems.

Mr. Lippmann says that architecture is "the most conspicuous mirror of our culture." Certainly it is; and it reflects our culture back to us in symbols which are so intensely disagreeable that one shrinks from interpreting them. Here is where publicity ought to begin, but never does; and the press is the last place in the world where any person could get a hearing who attempted to show how and why our cities have been built up into the architectural hodge-podges that they are. The architects have so much to explain and apologize for that they may well turn towards publicity; but they will be unlikely to get very far by assailing us with the significance of the fine arts, or the difference between Gothic and Renaissance, or by telling us that Mr. Corbett's Bush Terminal is a better building than the Woolworth, as it is, or why the Grand Central is a better station than the Pennsylvania, as it is. In other words, scrap-book gossip will not help their case or the public's understanding of the position of architecture in the modern world. If, on the other hand, they will get down to business and tell us why 99.99 per cent of the architecture of New York, or of any other city, is so far short of their ideals and their true capabilities, they may make a real and valuable contribution to the general sum of knowledge on the subject. This would be not only a step in the right direction, so far as architecture is concerned, but it would be a step in the direction of maintaining the architect as a useful vocationalist. Something, indeed, has already been done along this line. Mr. Nimmons has taken a step towards explaining the high-building business in Chicago. Mr. Ackerman has gone far in explaining the influences that now render the architect all but impotent except in the occasional commissions where he is not ruled by the law of investment for profit. These men are eminent architects, with fine works to their credit, and the courage to record the result of their study and obser-

In solving this particular difficulty Mr. Lippmann could be of the greatest assistance to the architects. If he would help them to discover how any discussion of the malevolent influences of privilege, as manifested in such phenomena as speculation in land, and industrial sabotage, might be carried on openly in the public press, there would not be enough gratitude in the United States to reward him, even if every citizen con-

tributed generously. The question is becoming a pressing one, no matter what happens to architects or architecture. The steadily declining quality of materials and workmanship which has been forced upon building of late years, has engendered a speeding up of physical deterioration which is appalling even to the most conservative and hopeful of optimists. If it does not already take as many workmen to keep buildings in repair as it does to build new ones, then it very shortly will, for repairing requires more men, to produce the same result, than does new building; and the cost of replacing iron piping alone, is staggering. Everywhere, in the building game, we are facing the inescapable result of having sacrificed everything in the race to capitalize the monopoly value of land. The assumption that the situation can be remedied by getting people to understand the significance of the fine arts, is naïve. Under such conditions art can not flourish, no matter how much understanding of its significance exists in the popular mind.

publicity, mentions the case of St. Thomas's Church in New York City, which achieved fame, forsooth, not because of its architecture but because of the symbolic allusion to marriage which was carved in the ornamentation over one of its doors. What a pity that Mr. Lippmann did not roam around to the Fiftieth Street side of St. Bartholomew's, another church by the same architect. Here he might have noted a very nice doorway, ecclesiastical in aspect, and over it, carved in the stone lintel, he might have read these words: "O send out thy light and thy truth that they may lead me and bring me unto thy holy hill and thy building." Here is a symbolic invitation to enter, or at least to recognize an entrance; but there is no need to guess how little it was understood. A plain sign nailed to the old doorway now informs the passerby: "Entrance to Office through Gate."

Architects who are interested in the rehabilitation of their profession will also perceive, let us hope, the plain, matter-of-fact significance in the conditions which daily confront them in its practice. Those conditions inform them, as plainly as any guiding signboard: "Entrance to Architecture is Through the Use of Land and Credit for the Common Welfare and not for Privilege."

THE BIRTH OF NESCIENCE.

In the discussions of obscurantism that have taken place in this country recently, it has seemed to us a little strange that no one has pointed out that a reaction against science into more archaic modes of thought is now occurring all over the world; and from all reports it is just as much in evidence in Germany, where Ralph Waldo Trine competes with Kant for a place on the student's bookshelf, as it is in America, where the point of conflict is the doctrine of evolution. Has anyone called attention to the fact that this intellectual reaction seems strongest in regions in which the physical sciences have been flourishing mightily and the spirit of mechanism has been made visible in a horde of iron monsters that have taken possession of our civilization with something of the relentless purpose that Samuel Butler predicted, in bitter jest, in "Erewhon"? With the exception of Mr. J. E. Spingarn, no one has had the courage to say that perhaps this birth of nescience is directly connected with some defect in the scientific disciplines themselves; but if this be so, perhaps the best way of defending truth and freedom is to find out what can be said for the animus behind this wave of obscurant-

In America, the principal reaction against science has been a retreat into the dogmas of protestant theology; in Europe, on the other hand, it has expressed itself in a more subtle and circumspect fashion, through the formation of cults, such as anthroposophy, which attempt to give, by their short-cut methods, a more complete account of the universe than the sciences have yet pieced together. We can not pretend to any deep or extensive knowledge of these philosophic cults; still less would we be willing to swallow a morsel of their doctrines without a good heavy sprinkling of salt; but we confess that the logical superstructure of their ideas—whether it be the mathematical mysticism of Uspensky or the theosophic humanism of Dr. Steiner-is often remarkably imposing; and the worlds of which they conceive are obviously a selection out of a number of possible pular mind. worlds which may or may not correspond to the one Mr. Lippmann, in commenting upon the value of in which we exist. Their account of the universe has a certain humane inclusiveness which has been lacking in Western science and philosophy since Aristotle.

People of scientific discipline are so appalled by the unfamiliar methods of clairvoyance or astrology that they lose sight, perhaps, of the interesting fact about these philosophies, namely: that they attempt to accomplish by quick, esoteric means all that the natural and social sciences have set out to do in a more fumbling and laborious manner: the human aim in both operations is almost identical, in that both the sciences and nesciences attempt to give a comprehensive account of the world in which we live, so that we may anticipate the behaviour of men and things without being perpetually shocked and intimidated by doubt, uncertainty, and the results of misjudgment. The clairvoyant discovery and description of the mythical isle of Atlantis is the same order of activity as the archæologist's investigation of Minoan civilization in Crete: the chief difference is that the theosophist dares to make short cuts which no ordinary human being can follow, so that his discoveries can be verified only by a particularly gifted person-by the Man Higher Up. Occultism, in short, is a species of intellectual high finance: one takes long chances, and occasionally one picks a winner, as the astrologer "Sepharial" did when in 1913 he announced that 1917 would be a year of catastrophes!

If all mysticisms are gambles, and if science, as far as it goes, is a sure thing, why should anyone stake his intellectual credit upon mystical enterprise, to the extent that a disciple of Steiner does, for example, when he sends his child to a school in which he is supposed to lose his "etheric envelope" with his first teeth, and his "astral envelope" with puberty? The answer, it seems to us, is that the phenomenon of mysticism is an attempt to right a deep organic maladjustment in the intellectual world. This maladjustment arises out of the fact that science, as it is taught and cultivated in the schools, is a miscellaneous jumble of special "knowledge," whose several parts are not only weakly related to each other, but at the same time remote and unresponsive to the world which surrounds them. Science has become a labyrinth without a thread to guide us to the centre; and far from giving order to a chaos, it has only added an intellectual confusion to a physical one.

A wide outlook on life, a deep insight into the universe, are not the products of the specialized sciences; with specialism has gone, on the contrary, a spiritual myopia: the separate paths of science are like those single-way tracks that a ground-mole leaves on the lawn. "Knowledge comes, but wisdom lingers"; if men are forced to learn in fragments, they are incapable of living in fragments, and the student or the plain man who fails to find some sort of comprehensive vision of the world and life and time within the circle of the sciences will pursue his quest outside it; and he will possibly find in the symbolism of theosophy a vital connexion with the universe which was lacking in the particular segment of knowledge which occupied his attention as science. Indeed, the more a student's human interests and human aspirations are balked by the scientist's overwhelming preoccupation with technique, the more likely is it that these interests will return in some perverse form as soon as he escapes the routine of shop or laboratory. William Hazlitt once remarked that "the most mechanical people, once thrown off their balance, are the most extravagant and fantastical"; and we are not, therefore, altogether surprised to find that a great many people, bred in the physical sciences and trained as engineers, have learned to transmute their human interests into a weird mystical philosophy—for the more we curb and repress the human daimon, the more deadly is the revenge it finally takes!

Now, just as the fantasies of a neurotic patient may be the outcome of a desire for a normal sexual life, so the various mysticults that seem to threaten all our advances in systematic and orderly thought may betoken a more normal condition than the apologists for science are willing to realize. In fact, it is our rich satisfaction in the world of physical science that may be a little abnormal; and what seems an atavistic retreat from this world may be the expression of a more deeply humane attitude. This is no apology for superstition; it is rather a suggestion that we remove the basis for superstition by acknowledging that a narrow preoccupation with the sciences, to the exclusion of all other aims and interests, is not all that our Victorian ancestors cracked it up to be, and by realizing that the specialized pursuit of science has neglected the deep human cravings for coherence, for order, for intelligibility, and for beauty-cravings which, if they are not satisfied by a genuine marriage of science with the humanities, will find what temporary solace they can in the mysticism of the street. Once our sciences are as much unified as theosophy, once the rationale of science is as comprehensible as the rationale of astrology, once the world built by the aid of the physicist and the chemist is as full of colour and splendour as a Catholic ritual, there will be no need to erect any special defences of science against superstition-even to-day, Mr. George Santayana's philosophy would beat Dr. Steiner's, hands down, in the mind of anyone who was sensitive to literary expression! At the present time, however, what the scientists impatiently call superstition is another name for our starved and abused and buried humanity; and it is perhaps better that people should be superstitious than that they should cease to be human.

ACCEPTED FABLE.

In these stirring times, the writers of textbooks in history are seldom very far behind the fact; and often they are two or three jumps ahead. For example, in the matter of the causes of the war, a good many of our readers are not altogether certain that the Central Powers were wholly and entirely to blame; and yet, if they will take the trouble to make inquiry, they will perhaps discover that their children have already been indoctrinated with a theory that leaves no excuse for uncertainty, no opening for new evidence, and no stimulus to free thought.

If the student happens to be in attendance at a high school that uses Professor Willis Mason West's "Story of Modern Progress" (Allyn and Bacon, 1920), he is required to absorb the following:

The occasion for the world-war . . . was found in the Balkan situation; but for the cause we must turn back to Germany. . . . no great country—not England or France or America—has been wholly free from greed for territory and for trade—just such greed as lies at the root of most wars. But in these lands the time is past when public opinion will support an aggressive war, especially with a civilized people [a pretty distinction], waged openly and avowedly to satisfy such low ambitions. Meanwhile Germany, led by her warbesotted prophets, had been zealously making ready for just such wars of greed.

... Germany, which all along had willed the war, had to come into the open and force it.

If the school board prefers to make its purchases elsewhere, it may provide the students with Mr. Roscoe Lewis Ashley's "Modern European Civilization" (Macmillan, 1920), in which we read that:

Germany wanted war and was determined to rule or ruin. [When Great Britain declared war against Germany] the great war, a war which in the true sense had been 'made in Germany,' was a reality.

In Professor Hutton Webster's "Modern European History" (Heath, 1920), the same theory is presented in a somewhat less aggressive manner. Professor Webster says:

There is no longer any need to fix the responsibility for the world-war. That the German Government planned it and precipitated it has been made evident by the avowals of the Germans themselves.

The author then quotes Prince Lichnowsky, as though

that would settle the whole question.
In his volume on "Modern Europe" (Holt, 1920), Professor Charles Downer Hazen summarizes the case as follows:

The world was stunned by the criminal levity with which Austria-Hungary and Germany had created this hideous situation. The sinister and brutal challenge was, however, accepted immediately, and with iron resolution, by those who had done their utmost during those twelve days to avert the

The historian is of course at liberty to leave his readers to draw their own conclusions, and Messrs. James Harvey Robinson and Charles A. Beard seem to have been more or less taken with this plan, when they wrote the chapter on the origin of the war in their "History of Europe-Our Own Time" (Ginn, 1921). They are somewhat hesitant about drawing the question of responsibility to a head, and yet they say that "The assertions of the German leaders that England desired war and was responsible for it are, of course, as the rest of the world knows, wholly without foundation in fact"; and in closing they quote Prince Lichnowsky's indictment of Germany with the remark that the Prince "sums up the whole ancient Prussian spirit as eloquently as any enemy of Germany's might." With these statements standing at the end of the chapter, the student is fairly sure to come off with the impression that Germany bears a heavy responsibility, while England is guiltless.

The last book to which we wish to refer-"Modern History," by Professors Carlton J. H. Hayes and Parker Thomas Moon (Macmillan)—is one that was published only a few months ago. In the interval that had elapsed since the appearance of the other texts above mentioned, certain new items of evidence had been brought forward, and the general war-fever had abated somewhat. The authors of the new book therefore enjoyed certain special advantages, which help, no doubt, to explain the novel tone of the following extract:

Because the diplomatic negotiations leading to the war had been conducted in secrecy, no one at the beginning knew for certain who were really the guilty nations. . . . Later on, many of the facts were revealed and the evidence showed that the Austrian Government, with German consent, deliberately planned to crush Serbia; but it still remained doubtful whether they desired to start a war among the Great Powers. It was also shown that some of the Russian military leaders did their best to bring about the war. The whole truth is not yet known, and probably will not be known for many years to come.

It seems fairly clear that Germany, Austria-Hungary and Russia were chiefly responsible for starting the great war. But if one wishes to understand the real causes of the war, one must go back farther than the negotiations of June and July, 1914. The fundamental causes were: (1) international anarchy; (2) . . . disputes over territory; (3) neo-mercantilism; . . . etc.

Leaving aside every question of fact, we can cheerfully say that this passage seems to us admirable in tone and temper. The provisional verdict is stated with great diffidence, and-what is more importantthe suggestion that new evidence may be forthcoming, and the final back-reference to general causes, will help to promote scepticism and independence of thought in a field that is commonly controlled by patriotism and prejudice.

MISCELLANY.

I HAVE learned of a curious case recently decided in the Court of Appeals in New York State. The plaintiff was an American woman of German descent. Shortly before the United States entered the world-war, learning that some of her relatives were in dire straits in Germany, she took a sum of money, about \$10,000, to one of the minor New York banking firms, with instructions that the firm send a credit by wireless to a payee in Berlin. Before the banking firm acted, the Government had seized the German wireless-station here, and the credit-message could not be sent. The banking firm, however, did not return the money, and it was not until after the armistice reopened communications between the two countries that the woman learned that her effort had been vain. She then brought suit against the bankers for the recovery of her money.

THE firm offered a curious defence. It admitted that the \$10,000 was still in its possession, but contended that it had made every effort to fulfil its part in sending the credit, and therefore had no further responsibility. It maintained further that the time-element was not specified in its contract with the plaintiff. Finally it submitted that the money had been carried on its books in German marks, having been thus transferred at a time when the mark was virtually at par, and therefore if it were to be paid back, the proper manner was first to compute the equivalent of these marks in dollars at current exchange-rates. Under this slick method of computation, the plaintiff would have received for her outlay of \$10,000, at present rates of exchange, about \$60. The lower courts could not see this reasoning, and ordered the return of the original sum, with interest. When the case reached the Court of Appeals, however, the woman's attorney was somewhat amazed to find a fresh array of counsel lined up against him, representing formidable powers in the banking world. It appeared that in somewhat similar instances involving exchange values, several million dollars were at stake. The attorneys of all the interested banking groups filed briefs attacking the plaintiff's case, and in view of the power they represented, persons who had followed the case began to wonder if the outcome would be a triumph of legal thimblerigging over justice. It is pleasing to record that without any dissenting opinion the Court sustained the original decision.

In the whole range of the actor's art, it would be difficult, I suppose, to discover two conceptions of technique that are more completely at variance than those which dominate the American moving picture, on the one hand, and the Moscow Art Theatre on the other. A catalogue of the points of difference would extend to great length, and would of course include some mention

of that reckless American individualism which contrasts so unfavourably with the choral harmony of the Russian players' work. Much more important however, is the difference between the picture-makers' notion of acting as expression, and the Russians' conception of acting as experience. The members of Stanislavsky's company are celebrated for their reticent "under-acting"; with them, the inner experience of the actor is all important, and the action itself, packed as it is with meaning, can give no more than an impressive intimation of the reality that lies behind it. On the other hand, our artists of the cinema have regularly given their first thought to externals, and as a result of their attempt to express more than they feel, their acting is vapid and empty of content. The fact is that in their eagerness to make themselves understood, they have forgotten that it is important to have something to say.

Now it may be said, in objection, that because of the qualitative limitations imposed by his medium the man who plays before the camera is obliged to over-act, in order to reach his audience; but it is to this point, precisely, that I have intended from the beginning to address myself. A few days ago, I attended a private showing of a moving picture based on Tolstoy's story, "Polikushka." The peasant hero of the tale is described by Tolstoy in the following terms: "Polikushka's face was pale, his lower jaw was trembling, and in his eyes there was that tearful and submissive and deeply wretched expression which is found only in good, weak, and guilty persons." Being entrusted by his mistress with a sum of money, this good, weak and guilty person straightens up for a moment under the responsibility; but in that moment he loses the money, and then returns home and hangs himself. The story is told in the simplest and most reticent language, and the same simplicity and restraint characterizes its interpretation for the camera by a conpany of Russian actors which includes Ivan Moskvin and several other members of the Moscow Art Theatre. The play, as it is thus presented, is a profound and moving tragedy, and one has only to see it in order to be convinced that the art of the cinema has nothing to lose by the abandonment of the barnstormer's technique.

JOURNEYMAN.

POETRY.

WITH HER BEAUTY.

Lovelier than all the rest, But living alone in an empty valley, She says that she came from an excellent clan Which is humbled now among grasses and tree-trunks . . . When trouble arose in the Küan district, Her brothers and close kin were killed. What use were their high offices, Not even saving their own lives! The world has but scorn for adversity; And everything goes, like the light of a candle. Her husband, with a vagrant heart, Finds a new love like a new piece of jade; And when morning-glories furl at night And mandarin-ducks lie side by side, All he can see is the smile of the new love While the old love weeps unheard. Pure was the spring in its mountain-source, But away from the mountain its waters are soiled. Waiting for her maid to come from selling pearls For straw to cover the roof again, She breaks off flowers, not now for her hair, And absently fills up her hand with pine-needles And, forgetting her worn silk sleeve, and the cold, Leans in the sunset by a tall bamboo.

(Translated by Witter Bynner and Kiang Kang-hu.)

THE STATE.

IV

ONE who regards the State as a social institution and as essentially beneficent and necessary, must often wonder why so much of the State's activity is employed anti-socially; and even more, why the State moves so easily in an anti-social direction and so reluctantly and grudgingly in a social direction. For example, figures have lately been published showing that out of every dollar of Federal revenue, eighty-five cents is devoted to war-purposes, past and present; and war is the primitive technique of the political means. Every war, seen in its final terms, is a struggle for control of the political means-a struggle, in other words, to determine whether this group shall acquire the right to live without working and at the expense of that group, or whether that group shall acquire it at the expense of this. Moreover, of the fifteen cents remaining out of every dollar of Federal revenue, so much is devoted to other technique of the political means that the proportion employed for actual social purposes is almost negligible. Taking the records of the Departments of Justice, the Interior and Commerce, and the records of the Federal Congress, one perceives that nearly all their activity has to do with the political means; so nearly all, in fact, that if the political means were abolished, there would be, as a matter of record, almost nothing left for them to do. Thus even the fifteen cents devoted to "legitimate governmental expenses" turns out upon examination to be devoted chiefly to anti-social ends.

A person who looks at all this objectively, as one dropped down from the moon and seeing it for the first time, would say that no institution that was social in its origin and developed for social purposes, could possibly behave in this way. Indeed, too, it is quite remarkable how completely the pure instinct of humanity coincides with the judgment of such a person. Mr. Jefferson observed with despondency how true and profound men's instinct is, and how miserably they interpret it and how lamentably feeble and timorous they are about trusting it. Well, here we see-Mr. Brand Whitlock remarked it in so many words in the valuable story of his political career, published a dozen years ago-here we see a capital instance of the soundness of men's instinct and their utter incompetence in interpreting it. Time and again we hear men say contemptuously, "Oh, that's politics." Yet they seldom permit their intellectual curiosity to be challenged by the possibility that if that is politics, then the essential nature and history of politics is something that will bear very serious scientific scrutiny.2 Almost invariably, in fact, they are automatically victimized by almost any sort of crude and specious appeal to "patriotism."

¹As Voltaire said, Dans toutes les guerres il ne s'agit pas que de voler. Voltaire understood the nature of the State, and speaks of it as "a device for taking wealth away from some people and giving it to others," thus anticipating in a general way, the most modern conclusions on the subject.

It is really extraordinary how vigorously one may rub elbows with a great truth, and never feel it. Mr. George Bernard Shaw lately published in the Manchester Guardian a letter about the proposal that the British State shall officially recognize betting by imposing a tax on it. Mr. Shaw says: "The object of betting is to obtain money without working for it. All respected and influential people hold and acquire property with this in view; and the more they succeed the more they are respected and the greater becomes their influence. The State organizes, legalizes, and protects their operations with all its might. The poor man can not afford this method: he backs horses, takes shares in sweepstakes, and (abroad) buys lottery tickets. It is obviously invidious that the State should organize the rich man's method and persecute the poor man's method."

Yet Mr. Shaw describes himself as a Socialist, and would therefore presumably raise the State to practical omnipotence!

I might here remark that the furore against socialism in the United States is utterly incomprehensible to me. Those who live by the political means have nothing whatever to apprehend from socialism; quite the contrary. The intelligent thing would seem to be not to combat it but to anticipate it, as English Liberalism did in a rather clumsy fashion of late years, and as Prince Bismarck did in an extremely

In the current view of the State, all this is anomalous and incomprehensible. The moment, however, that one takes the historic view of the State, this astonishing development appears wholly natural and logical. The facts correspond precisely with the expectations that one would put upon an institution of such origin and character. If the State be the organization of the political means, if it were devised expressly for the maintenance of economic exploitation of one class by another, then these are precisely the phenomena that one would expect it to show. One would expect to find it very eager and prodigal in all ways of promoting economic exploitation, very slow and parsimonious in all ways of promoting a general social well-being-never yielding, indeed, except under irresistible pressure from the gradually-growing organization of the economic means, in a position of temporary advantage (as in the case of the Clayton Act), or in so far as may be necessary for keeping exploitable human material in reasonably fit condition for service as soldiery or as a labour-motor. Since in fact one does actually find the State proceeding in just this way, the historic view of the origin and function of the State receives a powerful current corroboration.

Again, in the traditional view of the State, it is very difficult to account for the fact that the State maintains for itself an ethical code quite opposite to that which it enforces upon its individual citizens. The State, for example, forbids private murder, theft and arson; yet when itself organizes these crimes upon a large scale, it erects their practice into a virtue, as, for example, we see the French State now doing in the Ruhr. It is monstrous to assume an inconsistency like this upon the part of an institution that is by original intention social and beneficent; but as soon as one views the State as originally and continuously anti-social, the inconsistency is seen to be no inconsistency at all, but on the contrary, quite regular and logical

Again, in the traditional view of the State, one is inevitably puzzled by the progressive deterioration in the personnel of the State service, and even more by the notorious fact that in any essential matter, one public servant acts, and apparently must act, much like another, regardless of perhaps the most extreme difference in personal character. If the State is a social and beneficent institution, one would naturally suppose that the richer and more powerful it got, and the more highly centralized its authority became, the easier it would be for its servants to do good, the higher the quality of its personnel would become, and the better it would be served in respect to the general public welfare. The fact is, however, that we find this tendency invariably reversed. Poor States are notoriously the best served; and as they become rich, the personnel of their service deteriorates. The reader, if so minded, may examine for himself the personnel

workmanlike and effective way. The intelligent anticipation of Socialism, especially in regard to transportation and our "basic industries" such as oil, coal and steel, and agriculture most of all, would just now greatly fortify and enhance the power of economic exploitation—quite as much as, under like stress, it did in Germany and England. I am now in Berlin, and have for some time observed these matters and found them very striking and impressive. It is most interesting to see how much of the present strength of economic exploitation in Germany, surviving the stress of war and the incalculable ravages of the peace, is due to the domestic policies of Bismarck. My observations incline me to believe that the interests of economic exploitation in the United States have reason to complain of the service that they are getting. An ounce of prevention, in the way of judiciously devised and well superintended liberal-socialist measures, would be worth a pound of cure. Morcover, those who control the political means would find their most useful allies at this time—most useful because most ingenuous—among the liberal and independent publicists and politicians, as did Bismarck, and as the corresponding interests in England notably found theirs. In the face of the Congressional committee's recent report on the oil-industry, for instance, one wonders why, instead of hamstringing these allies, they do not make use of them. This report was examined by the Freeman in the issue of 11 April, and its innocuous character made clear.

of the public service in the small and poor countries of Europe at the present time (excluding, for obvious reasons, the Succession States) and make his own comparisons. It would perhaps be unnecessarily invidious to parallel Mr. Jefferson with Mr. Bainbridge Colby or Mr. Hughes, or Dr. Franklin with Mr. Hays or Mr. New; but it can do no harm to draw attention to the enormous difference in quality between the Prussian public service under Frederick the Great. when Prussia was a poor State, and that under William II; or between the British public service under the present king and that under his grandmother in the best days of her reign. If, however, the State is the organization of the political means, then the more highly this organization is effected, the more imperatively does its conduct demand and attract the kind of personnel that we see undertaking it.

Thus, too, do we perceive at once the ignorant fatuity of that interest in personalities which characterizes political liberalism, and the silliness of its shibboleth of "putting good men in office." If the State were a socially beneficent institution, one could doubtless do more good with the machinery of the State at one's disposal than without it. This is the theory on which liberalism proceeds, and it is logical. If, however, the State be in itself an anti-social institution, then obviously there is no essential difference in its service by "good" men or by "bad" men-if anyone knows what those are, and if there be really any such. Some superficial difference there may be, but none actually affecting the anti-social character of the State. The case becomes clear by comparison of the State with some other form of institution that is admittedly anti-social, say a gambling-house. A "good" man set to conduct a gambling-house could, and probably would, take some superficial measures, perhaps about decorum, with which a "bad" man might not much trouble himself; but he can do nothing that interferes with the essential character and purpose of the gambling-house. We invariably find therefore that the "good" man in office behaves in all essential respects precisely as does the "bad" man. He takes conditions and methods as he finds them; sometimes perhaps, especially if he be blessed with the invincible ignorance of liberalism, he thinks he can master them. or some of them; but in the end he goes their way, because he must. Within the past fifteen years, liberalism has contributed a prodigious amount of this sort of wreckage to line the political shores of America -Federal, State and municipal—and of nearly every country in Europe-

Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?

The reader will not need to be reminded of examples; they will occur to him almost without number.

ALBERT JAY NOCK.

(To be continued.)

THE ASSAULT ON HUMANISM.

Why or in what manner appeared the unconscious assault on the humanistic tradition which characterizes our time it would be hard to say. Many people will be disposed to doubt its existence, and among these are some who are being carried midstream in its flood. It is a movement which it is difficult not merely to define, but even to perceive; for it is indirect, unconscious, and is to all appearances more human than the humanistic tradition itself. Its chief preconception,

¹ The New York Nation of 4 April, for example, thus ends an editorial on Mr. Harding's prospects for a second term: "We need strong characters and men of brains in Washington, rather than the present hopeless Government of, by and for privilege"!

crude enough when one has disentangled it, is that culture and civilization are things which stand between mankind and itself; and its main concern, therefore, is with the immediate contacts of life, in which it hopes to find a life beyond that which is expressed in all the activities of man, immediate and general. It uses the notebook more than the inward eye, and the diary more than either. It distrusts theories, it distrusts consciousness; it distrusts everything, indeed, but the instinctive contact with the immediate environment. It eschews that casting of oneself out into the world, that vicarious assumption of all forms of life, which is imagination; it will understand its immediate environment, and it will understand nothing more. This, I am aware, is a violent description of the movement against the humanistic tradition; but the movement has, in fact, become violent, and the qualities which I have attributed to it are, without exaggeration, those of writers such as Mr. D. H. Lawrence, Mr. Sherwood Anderson, more than one of the German Expressionists, and almost all the members of the inarticulate school of poetry.

In a short essay one can not very well venture to define humanism; one can at most say a few general things about it in comparing it with the anti-humanism of our time. One can say, for example, that while the new writers are concerned with contemporary humanity, and with contemporary humanity only in its immediate contacts, humanistic artists have been concerned with humanity in all ages and in all civilizations, attaining a sense of the spaciousness and freedom of the human drama. The new writers are of necessity contemporary, and are the more essentially true to their type the more contemporary they are; the humanistic artist has been, of necessity, traditional, for it is the tradition of the greatest human life that he has conserved and expressed. Where Mr. Lawrence feels with immense alertness the immediate life around him, the great artists have felt in particular forms the whole of human life. They did not, of course, deal with life in the abstract or in the bulk; they chose very often for treatment the manners of their own time, but in doing so they revealed the universal in the particular, whereas Mr. Lawrence reveals and, one would say, desires only to reveal, the more particular in the particular. The immense difference between these two types of art is that while the one emancipates us by its universality, the other takes us farther into the net, making us comprehend some narrow, particular relation, and in doing so binding us intellectually to it.

This then, roughly indicated, is the gist of the modern attack on humanism. A subjection to the particular aspects of experience is being expressed in art instead of that emancipation from the particular aspects of experience which is the mood and the condition of great art. The ordinary business of life, in the widest sense, has come into prominence; and the soul and imagination which, while implicated in this, have the power to stand aside, have receded and have been lost. If one were asked what chiefly distinguishes the work of Mr. Lawrence and his colleagues from that of more normal artists, one might reply that it is the inability to stand aside. These writers do not work through the imagination, and they ignore the spirit; not knowing, apparently, that through these alone is freedom to be gained. The result is what might be expected. Traditional art makes us free; the art of Mr. Lawrence and of Mr. Anderson does

The assault, as I have said, has been unconscious,

and the new literature has arisen not out of a deliberate contempt for the resources of the human spirit, but out of blindness to them. The movement has been developing for the last three or four decades without pointing to any certain goal. Its development has not been regular; and although its missionaries have had theories, they have not known, except immediately, what they were doing. The naturalists prepared the attack; they concentrated on particular aspects of existence; they recorded the immediate reactions of an environment, dispensing with imagination in the degree in which they lacked it-misunderstanding art, at any rate, quite naïvely and virtuously. After them came such writers as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells, who were interested in environment in a new way, with more liberality than the naturalists, seeing behind the dirty kitchen social causes, and beyond the bickerings of suburban homes political anomalies. These made a less blunt attack on humanism because, although concerned with immediate contacts, they were interested in them in an intelligent way. While failing to rise to that vision of human life in all times and in all lands which is the possession of the artist, they had a real apprehension of the development of man as a political entity; they had, in short, a sense of the drama of society. This, which made them humanists on one side, deprived them ultimately of the final fruit of humanism; for they were compelled to distort the image of humanity a little, indeed more than a little, to fit it to the destiny they had fixed upon for humanity; and they saw mankind in the end not through the timeless eyes of the imagination, but through the most advanced preconceptions of a particular twenty years. They reduced and clarified the popular image of humanity in a singular way, in a way almost as sudden and misleading as that by which modern inventions such as the steamship, the railway, and the telegraph have reduced and clarified peoples' picture of the physical world. They vulgarized the human drama and immensely interested the public in it. They roused the people's conscience and sent imagination and wonder to sleep. They were men, all the same, to whom one can not deny admiration; for to stir an impersonal conscience in a raw mass of humanity is a feat which can hardly be overpraised. Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells succeeded in an inconceivably difficult enterprise; they made a certain section of English life dissatisfied not only with things in general, with the weather, the foreigner and the price of commodities, but with England. They raised a standard of what might be desired and done; but at the same time they violated light-heartedly the most sacred canons of art. With intellectual and moral consciences of shining lustre, they had an artistic conscience which might shock savages. Their good and their evil they bequeathed respectively to the Socialist movement and to Mr. D. H. Lawrence. Mr. Lawrence is the head of the offence. A singular

Mr. Lawrence is the head of the offence. A singular figure who becomes more singular the more time he is given, he has taken the immediate contact for his province; and the bare environment robbed of its implications which the naturalists described, he has narrowed and intensified until it has become a sore spot. Few imaginative writers have succeeded so well in being involved with so much art in the folds of their subject; in not coming through, and yet in leaving an interesting and powerful impression. He burrows in his subject; he goes farther and farther away from the light and from freedom; but he has never yet got to the centre where one feels there must be illumination. He is neither quite deep nor quite shallow

enough. His struggle is heroic and has for a decade now evoked the admiration of critics, and may in another decade, with bad luck, evoke their surprise. No one can guess whether or not he is getting farther on, or whether there is another life at the centre or at the opposite side of the world he is digging through. A singing rhythm, a sort of inarticulate beauty, comes into his style now and then; and one feels the constant recurrence of something like an obsession.

Art represents life in such a way that, seeing the representation, one has a sudden feeling of emancipation. When life is externalized in a picture we are freed from its weight as life. Judged by this criterion, which, if one is honest, one must apply to works of art, Mr. Lawrence's work comes off very badly. There is no absolutely convincing sign that he has advanced beyond that state of intense feeling which is the forerunner of vision. He does not externalize life as a picture; he expresses it as a feeling, a feeling from which he has not unwrapped himself. He is not sufficiently cured of his struggle with himself to rise to contemplation, or to be interested in forms of life around him or distant in time and space, except where they touch his ruling obsession. He has followed that obsession by means of some obscure unconscious faculty, and to a certain degree with his intellect, but never with the disinterested vision from which art He is never disinterested, and he is never completely an artist. His obsession is so strong, indeed, that he is indifferent, one feels, to all the ways of life which humanity has thrown into the light and made conscious and beautiful. His conception of love, hailed by many as a thing to be understood only in the future, would have been understood far better in a remote past. His sensuality has the acerbity of something puzzling, not understood and realized as it has been for centuries by peoples who conserve the traditional wisdom of life, and who are born with an inherited tact in passion. This will no doubt be admitted; but if we are to admit this we must come to a conclusion other than the usual one on Mr. Lawrence's universally acknowledged "vitality." The fact is that he is extraordinary, as the naturalists were, as Mr. Shaw and Mr. Wells were, not because he is more rich than the humanistic writers of the second class who preceded him, but because he has lost what they held unobtrusively: all the armoury of civilization, all the senses which a cultured life has nourished. Against their multifariousness he holds only a unity, which by its singleness, however, creates a strong effect. What is true of him is true also of the other writers I have mentioned.

Like the German Expressionists, like Mr. Sherwood Anderson and Mr. Eugene O'Neill, Mr. Lawrence has, in other words, gone back, and is trying to solve in obliviousness of the fait accompli problems which were solved pragmatically by humanity long ago. Mr. Lawrence's future is the past of the human race. His distinguishing quality and that, indeed, of all those writers who go back so hopefully to the immediate environment, is an astonishing naïveté, the real shape of which is hidden from us only by its novelty. Mr. Lawrence and his colleagues are in the first place writers of incomplete equipment; and in the second, men of powerful and sincere intellect. With imaginations undernourished, with minds exercised insuffi-ciently on the problem of mankind, they feel with unique vividness everything which touches themselves immediately; but the immediacy of their reactions they resent and try to escape. Their novels and plays are not, consequently, a representation of life, free and objective, but an attempt to solve the problem of their environment, and to solve it in an impossible way. The spectacle of Mr. Lawrence turning round and round in his cage of sex has become familiar; and it is only less unedifying than that of Mr. Anderson triumphant again and again, presenting the same somewhat banal solution to sections of mankind who are not likely to find a solution in that way, and who have already, many of them, found it in another. Mr. Lawrence's necessity to state again and again his problem, and Mr. Anderson's necessity to repeat again and again his solution, are signs of a difficulty which is common to both; are signs of obsession rather than of freedom.

So much, and a great deal more, can be said against the movement which I have called an unconscious assault on humanism. There are, on the other hand, a few things to be said for it; for it is a sign of extreme partisanship not to admit that the advocatus diaboli has some right on his side, or that movements led by the blind do not in the end effect some good. The naturalists and their followers down to Mr. Lawrence and the Expressionists have reinstated those immediate contacts which, if they are not the end, are the beginning of all vital art. The novel and the drama before their advent were becoming a little conventional in the worst as well as in the best sense. Except for Mr. Hardy, writers fought shy of sex instead of portraying it objectively. The tale which ended instead of beginning with marriage was for a time a fashion so foolish that it irritated thoughtful people. But sex not only in its exaltation but in its effect on the average life of mankind, was brought by the new writers as a theme into art. This was an achievement; the tradition was broken, and in being broken was enriched; and it is as essential that the tradition of art should be broken at the right time as that it should be ultimately maintained. In spite of the inadequacy of the temper in which the naturalists and their successors approached the fresh provinces of life which they brought under the rule of art, the fact remains that they did bring it in; and it exists to be treated, once humanistic artists arise, in the traditional human manner.

The value of humanism is not a thing to be demonstrated in this or in any age; and it is probably not advanced very much by merely intellectual advocacy. Its necessity for any large human life can be shown so easily that one only utters platitudes in showing it, repeating what the whole world admits. But the thing which finally convinces men of the value of humanism is an inward feeling of its spirit, a personal experience of it as the birthright and tradition of humanity. Whoever is without this feeling is a poor man, however rich he may be by natural endowment. The movement which I have imperfectly indicated springs, it seems to me, out of a level of the spirit which is unawakened to the humanistic tradition. As such, interesting, talented and sincere as it is, it is an aberration which, if it lives the normal short life of aberrations, will effect good, but one which, if its life is unnaturally protracted, will work nothing but harm. The evil which it can effect will not be ultimate, for any errant movement of our day set against the immense stream of humanistic culture must appear eventually insignificant. But it may well stultify the activity of one generation or two, should it be retained after its usefulness is past. If we should happen to be one of those generations, the matter, it will be admitted, is not of small importance to us.

EDWIN MUIR.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

It is extraordinary how accidentally the noble chaplet of immortality seems to fall upon the brows of certain poets. Who could have predicted, for example, that the careless, occasional verses of Sir John Suckling would win for their author so favoured and enduring a place among English poets?

Indeed it is curious to remember that these delicate and sophisticated lyrics owe their existence to the refined taste of a set of frivolous, curled darlings at the court of Charles I; for it was in this superficial and unstable environment that they maintained for several years a precarious existence, passing from laced hand to laced hand, from one velvet-frilled fob to another, until their fortunate publication some time after their author's death. It is certain that Sir John Suckling himself gave them scant attention. He laid store by his gifts as a dramatist and was at pains to ensure that his plays should win due recognition; but for the rest it is clear that his interests in life were chiefly concerned with such conceits as cribbage, bowling, love making, and ninepins!

Sir John Suckling was born at Whitton in Twickenham in the year 1609. If we are to believe John Aubrey it was from his mother that he derived his wit, his father being "but a dull fellow," albeit holding a high position in the courts of James I and Charles I. Sir John was educated at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge; travelled on the Continent; fought under Gustavus Adolphus, being present, so it is said, at no less than "three battles and five sieges in six months," an experience which we are perhaps justified in surmising did much to nurture in him that ill-disguised distaste for physical violence which gives so much colour to his subsequent career.

On his return to England he threw himself whole-heartedly into the life of the English court, invented the game of cribbage, tippled and recited verses at the Boar's Head, and spent the hours that were free from the entrancing influence of his "dear nothings" upon the various well-known bowling greens which were then to be found in the vicinity of London Town. So addicted was he to this particular pastime that upon occasions he bade fair to gamble away the whole of his property; his two sisters more than once being actually constrained "to come to the Peccadillo bowling-green crying for fear he should lose all their portions." At this time he was accused of indulging "a little too much of the French air," and it is not to be doubted that his manner had about it something supercilious and dandified.

The harmonious tenor of his way was soon, however, to be roughly broken in upon. It appears that he was unwise enough to bring to a consummation his quarrel with Sir John Digby by setting his lackeys upon that Knight as he was going into a playhouse. The Sherborne Squire, however, proved more than a match for the servants, and springing at Sir John Suckling "like a tiger," used him so hardly that he was fain to take to his heels. pitty," comments the incorrigible Aubrey, "that the accident brought the blemish of cowardice to such an ingeniose young sparke." In spite of the fact that he was "incomparably redie at repartying," under the universal ridicule which resulted from this untoward accident Sir John Suckling wellnigh lost his accustomed poise, and would have done so entirely perhaps if it had not been for the Lady Moray who, at a certain famous gathering, so gallantly intervened with the words, "I am a merry wench, and will never forsake an old friend in disgrace, so come sitt downe by me, Sir John."

Possibly it was with the purpose in view of re-establishing himself in public opinion that, on the occasion of the "Bishop's War," Sir John equipped at his own expense his famous body of cavalry, "a troupe of a hundred

horsemen, very handsome proper young men . . . clad in white doubletts and scarlet breaches and with coloured feathers in their bonnets." Riding at the head of this brave bodyguard, the redoubtable warrior set out with the King's army for Scotland. There is evidence that the King himself regarded his gay auxiliaries with but a qualified enthusiasm. "The Scots," he observed drily, "would fight stoutly if but for the Englishmen's fine clothes." The remarkable army halted on the banks of the Tweed, and it was from that point of vantage that Sir John wrote to a friend in England, "So, Sir, you may now imagine us walking up and down the banks of Tweed, like the Tower lions in their cages; leaving to people to think what they would do if we were let loose." In some ways the allusion was an unfortunate one. Certainly any apprehension the Scots may have entertained was soon enough relieved; for, if we are to believe history, one brief glimpse of the stern northern army encamped at Duns Law sufficed to send Sir John and his cavalierdandies, pell mell, at full gallop, back to the English border without the loss of a single man or a blow struck. The fat was now fairly in the fire, and Sir John Suckling's case worse than it had ever been. Lampoons, ballads, and political ditties appeared from all sides, making the most scurrilous fun of the lily-livered Knight.

For when the Scots army came within sight, And all prepared to fight-a He ran to his tent; they asked what he meant; He swore he could not go right-a.

The Colonel sent for him back again,
To quarter him in the van-a
But Sir Jon did swear he would not come there
To be killed the very first man-a.

But when it came to a matter of the pen Sir John was a match for his persecutors, and indeed promptly made answer in no unequivocal manner.

Well, it's no matter what you say
Of me or mine, that ran away:
I hold it no good fashion
A loyal subject's blood to spill
When we have knaves enough to kill
By force and proclamation.

It is clear in fact that the poet would have been wise had he been content to confine himself entirely to those more gracious aspects of life which centre about the love token, the goblet, and the goose quill! There should have been no doubt left in his mind by this time that it was with the lute rather than with the trumpet that he had a natural affinity. For, after all, with what a sense of artless affectation the delicate and sweet assonances of his metres solicit our ears even to this day! How refreshing are the light, disillusioned touches, the graceful, bantering tones to be found in his love poems! With what daintiness they express the sentiments of those civil epicurean rascals who are prepared to spend hours upon hours dallying with love and yet have, be it spoken with regret, no great liking for the tinkling of wedding bells!

Then fairest mistress, hold the power you have, By still denying what we still do crave; In keeping us in hopes strange things to see That never were, nor are, nor e'er shall be.

> Out upon it, I have loved Three whole days together! And am like to love three more, If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings Ere he shall discover In the whole wide world again Such a constant lover.

"There is scarcely a poem of his relating to women," sadly muses a recent critic, "which is not tainted with physical sensuousness, while many of them hint in plain words of sensuality." It would not be exactly on this score that most of us would wish to criticize Suckling's poetry. The devil fly away with such havering! After all, if a man's verses are concerned with "light love's art," what in God's name should they have in them except honest sensuality? It is more than possible, however, that some of his lines may have offended the artificial bad taste of past epochs. At the beginning of last century, Mr. Alexander Chalmers wrote, "There is a manuscript poem from his pen in the British museum, replete with humour, but the subject is of that gross kind, which delicacy will not now tolerate." One suspects that in this more liberal age, no great harm would be done were this said literary relic allowed once more to see the light.

In his famous poem called "The Wedding," written to Richard Lovelace, we can surely find nothing but what is commendable.

> Her cheeks so rare a white was on, No daisy makes comparison; Who sees them is undone; For streaks of red were mingled there, Such as are on a Catherine pear, The side that's next the sun.

At length the candles out; and now All that they had not done, they do! What that is, who can tell? But I believe it was no more Than thou and I have done before With Bridget and with Nell.

Only when the thought of death clouds for a moment Sir John's engaging countenance "with its beard turned up naturally so that he had a brisk and graceful look," do his lines take upon themselves a certain tone of mock gravity as provocative, sophisticated, and abnormal as is contained in the verses of his great contemporary John Donne.

A quick corse, methinks, I spy In every woman; and mine eye At passage by Checks, and is troubled, just As if it rose from dust.

In reading his letters one is reminded oddly enough of a later writer. Much of the correspondence of Sir John Suckling has been preserved, and for the most part it consists of semi-philosophical, bachelor meditations upon the folly of matrimony, written with a frankness which at least suggests the writings of Jonathan Swift. As a ready cure for love he advises one who is far gone in the complaint to take pains to surprise his mistress at such a time when she is in no way prepared to see him. "As near as you can, let it be unseasonably, when she is in sickness and disorder; for that will let you know she is mortal and a woman, and the last would be enough to a wise man. It you could draw her to discourse of things she understands not, it would not be amiss."

To another he writes, "Dost thou know what marriage is? 'Tis curing of love the dearest way, or waking a gamester out of a winning dream..." And again: "Like some fruit trees [love] must be transplanted, if thou wouldst have it active, and bring forth anything... Women are like melons; too green or too ripe are worth nothing; you must try till you find a right one. Taste all—but hark you [Charles], you shall not need to eat of all; for one is sufficient for a surfeit." And then the rogue, with a twinkle in his "brisque round eie," has the effrontery to end his letter in the following manner: "I should have persuaded you to marriage; but to deal in-

genuously, I am a little out of arguments that way at the present. 'Tis honourable there's no question on't; but what more, in good faith, I can not readily tell."

In the year 1641, Sir John joined a Royalist conspiracy to free Strafford from the Tower. The plot was discovered by the agents of the Long Parliament; and the poet, with that expedition that his friends had come to expect from him in the case of an emergency, lost no time in getting himself out of England. In France, "sequestered from the more serene contentments of his native country," he was overtaken by the doleful distemper of melancholy. To one so well acquainted with the wide stairways of Whitehall, to one who remembered pleasant evening walks "on the delicate fine downes at the backside of Marlborough where the mayds were wont to dry their clothes on the bushes," a penurious exile was insupportable.

There are two stories of his death. One asserts that his end came, as happened to a braver man than he, from a wound in his heel. Others, to use that happy alliteration which had so consoling an influence upon the ear of poor Oscar Wilde at one period of his life, declared that he took poison in Paris. But whether or not he "stole away in the night through an unusual postern," young as he was, it was time for him to go. A decade which was to witness the triumph of Oliver Cromwell and his Ironsides would have been, we may well conjecture, singularly ill-suited to Sir John Suckling whose gifts, distinguished though they undoubtedly were, can hardly be said to have lain in the direction of the hazardous circumstances of serious warfare.

LLEWELYN POWYS.

LETTERS FROM ABROAD.

THE IMPERIAL FRONTIER.

SIRS: Nearly three weeks ago, when I was waiting in Santiago de Cuba for the little packet that makes one trip a month to Santo Domingo, I made a pilgrimage to a slight elevation above the suburb of Vista Allegra that is renowned in the history of the United States of America. As I looked out over fields brown with drought to the village of El Caney, and read upon bronze tablets beneath the Surrender Tree the names of the soldiers who were killed in the assault on San Juan Hill, certain demigods and myths of my childhood arose and struggled with the actualities before me, flared splendidly over the drab landscape for a moment and faded out.

Confronted by this scene, I could better appreciate the gallantry of my first military heroes; those "boys in blue" whose exploit here released such a blast from the factory whistles of my New York suburb one evening in July, 1898. The hill was not so high as my boyish imagination had pictured it, and the list of troops in action revealed that this had been a very small battle when judged by recent standards of warfare; but I remembered the scandalous incompetence of those in command of this tiny army, the "embalmed beef," and the tropical fevers. I could imagine the heat of those July noons and the torment of evenings befogged with fever-bearing mosquitoes. The young men who took this hill were, no doubt, as brave as any of the millions whom fate had brought into action in the European war. I was not disappointed in the heroism of the "boys in blue" as I viewed the scene of their most spectacular engagement. But what of the chief illusion with which their campaign had been so brightly coloured; an illusion which, perhaps, had sustained many of them till the moment of battle, when all illusions vanish?

Landing in Cuba for the first time I had been surprised gradually to discover that the Cubans whom we had freed

from oppression felt a most unaccountable hostility towards their liberators. Young American business men in Havana and technicians on sugar-estates assured me that Cuba was not grateful for the sacrifices of San Juan Hill, for the ensuing campaigns of sanitation, for the "modern improvements" and commercial enterprise which the United States has been introducing, from Wood to Crowder. We have put the Cubans on their feet and licked them into shape, as these Americans put it, but the Cubans hate us for it. So, as I stood by the blockhouse on San Juan Hill and beheld the ghosts of heroes of my childhood surging up the arid slopes in a cloud of yellow dust-I saw quite distinctly the young Roosevelt and his Rough Riders-I was profoundly depressed. This business of doing good to other people will always go unrewarded, I reflected with a sigh. Then an unworthy suspicion crept into my melancholy. Could it be that some of those who were indirectly concerned in this war of liberation were not completely disinterested?

I had heard that most of the big producers of Cuban sugar lived in New York City; that they owned 4,500,000 acres of cane land in Cuba; that eighty-five Americanowned mills on the island had a capacity of three million tons, equal to seventy per cent of the largest crop of sugar ever produced in Cuba. A representative of the Department of Commerce had been quoted as saying that these eighty-five American-owned mills were controlled by nine Americans who were very well acquainted with one another and on good terms. As I recalled these rumours and statistics from a recent issue of the New York Times and looked out over the fields to El Caney, I was tempted to doubt that the Spanish-American, like the late European war, had been waged altogether in the interest of oppressed peoples or to vindicate the rights of small nations. I was tempted again to deplore that the loot of modern and humanitarian wars is so unevenly distributed, that there had been as little in this particular war for the "boys in blue" as for the liberated Cubans.

In due course of time I arrived in Santo Domingo, and resumed my rôle of picturesque traveller and amateur agriculturist. Why concern oneself emotionally with the politics of imperialism where there were such tropical landscapes as these sullen mountains, this indigo sea and plumed forests of coconut palm composed at every turn; where I could learn to the last detail about the culture of tobacco and cacao on the richest soil I had ever seen; or listen credulously to reports of irrigated land that produced fifteen tons of alfalfa per acre per year; or hear tales of great profits made from mombassa peppers and cattle-breeding, and incredible stories of fortunes made in sugar? Then there were all about me the ruins of the oldest European settlement in the Western Hemisphere, venerable shells of convents, churches, palaces on which the bright mould and verdure of the tropics but emphasized their desolation. I vowed that I would have nothing to do with the sensational political aspects of life in this West Indian Republic. As for American imperialism in Cuba, Nicaragua, Haiti, Santo Domingo -such is life. When the domestic frontier closes, things being as they are in this imperfect world, the imperial frontier will open, as ours did at San Juan Hill in July,

Thus I shrugged my shoulders and turned away from the perplexities of a matter upon which I was incompetent and unwilling to pass judgment. But I soon found that I could no more check the process of forming an opinion of the political situation in Santo Domingo than I could refuse food and drink. For every conversation with every Dominican, German, Englishman, Canadian, American, Porto Rican, Cuban, Brazilian came sooner or later to this: my interlocutor would outline his view of the

situation and then urge me to talk with So-and-so or to see Such-and-such before my departure from the Island. I had been in the Capital barely forty-eight hours before I was flung into a tide-rip of political controversy and invited to sink or swim. Before I knew it I had almost involuntarily "interviewed" the leader of the Dominican Patriots, the Commanding General of the American Marines, the American Minister, the British Consul, the editor of Listin Diario, the largest daily newspaper of the city, the editor of the chief weekly, La Opinion, and several literary men of the Capital. I talked with German business men, with Scots merchants, with the administrator of the largest sugar-estate on the Island, with concessionaires and bank officials, Canadian and American, with American engineers and lawyers, and with enlisted men of the U. S. Marines; or, to be accurate, I listened to them talk, for I was neither well-informed nor interested enough even to ask intelligent questions. Taking that into consideration along with the fact that I am not yet out of this political hurricane, I can hardly be expected to know my bearings, but the fresh and irresponsible impression of a casual observer may be interesting to the readers of the Freeman. I offer it for what it is worth.

I think it is fair to say that the representative attitude towards the American policy on the part of all foreigners (including Americans) who are attempting to do business in the Dominican Republic may be summed up in the terse comment I have heard so many times in the last two weeks: "Get in or get out!" The vague and vacillating policy of the American Government in Santo Domingo makes it almost impossible for anyone—with the exception of the sugar-enterprise, an empire in itself-to settle down to business. Some speak frankly for annexation, others abhor the prospect of it; but all want the political status of the Republic determined at the earliest possible time and for good. All are sick unto death of domestic and foreign politicians and their interference with the normal processes of trade through legislation, executive order and the patronage of a special financial interest. The New York bank and the New York importing house allied with it, which are strangling trade and making little or nothing out of their violation of fair mercantile practice, are the villains of the drama as the foreign merchants see it. These merchants-Americans and nationals of other countries-are mildly antagonistic to the American military forces, but they reserve their deepest hatred and scorn for the financial control which seems to them to have wrecked business through incompetent banking methods. One hears it said, with deliberate exaggeration, of course, that the New York bank would find itself bankrupt if it attempted to balance its books for Santo Domingo.

All good Dominicans, of course, want the American occupation of their country ended, either at once or as soon as political conditions have had time to stabilize after the elections in August or September and the conclusion of a treaty between the forthcoming new Government and the United States. Those who demand an immediate withdrawal of the American military forces thoroughly disbelieve in the good faith of the United States and believe that annexation will be resorted to after a successful provocation of disorder. Others suspect that the United States is acting in good faith and that the troops will be withdrawn as soon as the new constitutional Government can be established and a treaty concluded. one and all are still smarting from the indignity of invasion by a foreign Power, and cherish ugly memories of insult, brutality, even of atrocious cruelty at the hands of their conquerors. All have a very much lower opinion of American political efficiency and honour than the average American at home, but one that is quite generally shared by the American merchants and other resident Americans in Santo Domingo.

At present there is a lull in the open hostilities between the two groups-the Dominican and American business men may almost be considered one and the financial and military another-and for this superficial tranquillity a great deal of credit is due the Commanding General of the Marines and his Staff. Since Brigadier-General Lee took over the military command from a less wise and less humane predecessor, the slightest aggression or discourtesy against a native by a marine has not gone unpunished. The conduct of the troops in this respect, except for a very few and infrequent exceptions, is admirable. Occasionally a drunken marine forgets the harsh discipline that awaits him for such an indiscretion and starts a brawl with a native. But on the surface there is very much less friction between the troops of the occupation and the Dominicans than there was between the members of the American Expeditionary Force in France and the forces of our noble allies. Not forgetting that our occupation of Santo Domingo is indefensible ethically, or under international law, or as protection for a profitable adventure of a financial monopoly in New York, it is encouraging to see our military forces respecting superficially at least the feelings of the gentle, decorous and cultivated people whom our latest imperialist aggression, in its initial stages, has outraged beyond the belief of all decent Americans. I am, etc.,

Townsend Hills, Jun.

Santiago de los Caballeros, Dominican Republic.

THE THEATRE.

THE PASSING OF THE BALLET RUSSE.

THIS summer will mark the disbandment of one of the greatest and most complete artistic organizations of modern times; for after a two weeks engagement in Paris, Serge Diaghilev's Ballet Russe, as such, will cease to exist. The brilliant group will go down with colours flying, for these last programmes are devoted entirely to ballets with music by Stravinsky, and decors by Larionov, Gontcharova, and others of the advanced grand

Thirteen years have passed since the Ballet Russe first dazzled theatre-goers of Western Europe. It had flourished in Russia for several decades prior to that time. It was one of the few glories of the Tsarist rule. Each year the Government set aside a huge subsidy to meet the deficit incidental to an artistic enterprise conducted on so gigantic a scale. But this otherwise generous governmental patronage carried with it a serious handicap: bureaucratic insistence on adherence to tradition. Year in and year out, the technique of the Taglioni school and the antiquated ballets of the repertoire, formed a disheartening hindrance to the efforts of progressive choreographers.

The visit of Isadora Duncan to Russia was beneficial, first as a breath of encouragement from the outside world, and later as a liaison when the Russians ventured abroad. But chief credit for the artistic liberation must go to Serge Diaghilev. This able and radical impresario obtained governmental permission to take many of the principals and half of the chorus on tour; and it was during the early migrations in Western Europe that they made their greatest artistic advance. The ballets by Stravinsky, Prokofiev, and other moderns not only were initiated away from home, but have not yet been given in Russia.

There is a State ballet at present in Russia; but even though it has the patronage and encouragement of the Soviet Government, and is directed by the capable Mikhail Mordkin, it faces too many handicaps to achieve artistic success. For the complicated machinery of ballet-production needs many material things, the cost of which is prohibitive in a destitute country.

As soon as Diaghilev's organization was free from the deadening influences of its original setting, it developed rapidly and along broad lines. It brought the art of the painter into the theatre. The old conventions of flat backdrops and wings were treated in a new manner. On these limited surfaces, Roerich, Anisfeld, Bakst, Golovin, and Benoist, with their bold use of brilliant colour, gave new life to stage-decoration. The poetry of the dance was restored from long desuetude. Old-fashioned ballets such as "Les Sylphides," were relegated to the background, and real dance-dramas were evolved. The ever expanding repertoire of Diaghilev's group did more to introduce to the Western World the music of Borodin, Rimsky-Korsakov, Laidov, Tcherepnin, Balakirev, and Stravinsky, than the numerous performances of these works by symphony orchestras. I wonder whether Stravinsky's whole development as a creative artist would have been so brilliant had he not worked through the medium of ballet-composition.

Diaghilev's organization soon flowered into a harmonious combination of colour, music, line, and movement. It presented a unified appeal to eye and ear. Its dancing and miming gave the impression of freedom and spontaneity that come only from perfect artistic discipline. This venturing abroad, coupled with the hospitable receptivity of other lands to the art of this organization, made Diaghilev's Ballet Russe more than a national institution. It became a prized international possession. Its influence on the modern theatre has been profound and far-reaching. Undoubtedly the principal factor in the success and importance of the Ballet Russe has been its artistic progressiveness. Its only period of stagnation was during the season of 1921, though even then there were flashes of experimentation. Always in the forefront of the spiritual and intellectual advance in stagecraft, the Ballet Russe introduced into the world of the theatre the work of Matisse, Picasso, Derain, Larionov, and Gontcharova.

I first saw the Ballet Russe in Paris and London about a dozen years ago. During these early days of its wanderings and up to its invasion of America in 1916, Fokine, Bolm, Nijinsky, Maclezova, Karsavina, Massine, Cechetti, and Lopokova were the dancers whose names became familiar to playgoers. Even though the Russians prided themselves on not being addicted to the "star" system, these great artists stood out year after year. One by one, they left the company, some to create their own organizations, as in the case of Bolm, Pavlova, and Fokine. But in a group wherein every member receives such excellent technical training, and the development of ensemble dancing is carried so far it is always possible to fill gaps and evolve new leaders. In the dozen years during which I have followed the Ballet, I have never seen finer dancing than the recent work of the new principals, Vladimirov, Wilzak, La Nijinska (sister of the famous Nijinsky), Zverev, Idzikovsky, and Trefilova.

It is remarkable that in its last days, the Ballet Russe should be more spirited and more youthful than when it first burst upon Western Europe. It never displayed more brilliance than in its last presentation of Stravinsky's "Sacre du Printemps." It is a pity that America will not see this ballet whose severe

modern decors by Roerich and amazing choreography by Massine harmonize so well with the strange, elemental, yet highly sophisticated music. In it, La Nijinska, as la vierge élue, gave an intelligent and unforgettable interpretation of an exceedingly subtle and difficult rôle. Altogether, the Russians were at their highest pitch artistically in the production of "Sacre du Printemps." Now that Diaghilev's group is disbanded, it will be a long day before the world will again see anything of such high artistic quality as this Stravinsky ballet, or such advanced choreography as the Satie and Cocteau "Parade," or even such gorgeous buffoonery as Prokofiev's "Chout." Though many national ballets exist, none of them has approached the range and scope of Diaghilev's international Ballet Russe. Even the Swedish Ballet with its experimental and innovational tendencies, is limited by lack of group spirit and by obvious subordination to its star dancer.

Now, in their last performances, Diaghilev's company are presenting an almost entirely experimental programme, including several new ballets by Stravinsky with the latest scenic work of Larionov and Gontcharova. So they remain true to themselves, even unto the end. Serge Diaghilev has made a tremendously game but losing fight, and now bows before financial defeat.

Arthur Moss.

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS.

MORE LIGHT AND LIGHT IT GROWS-

SIRS: I discover in a Paris dispatch to the World's Greatest Newspaper that Poincaré's Cabinet has now officially abolished cannibalism—on the Congo. Won't this firm and enlightened policy do something to rehabilitate your shaken faith in political government? I am, etc.,

Madison, Wisconsin.

WILLIAM ELLERY LEONARD.

ZAGHLUL PASHA.

Sirs: Dr. Mansur Rifat, the Egyptian Nationalist, writing in the *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* of Berlin, 13 May, says in part:

"A few days ago the press announced to an admiring world that the Egyptian 'King' had signed a new 'Constitution'—this being another sign of England's remarkable open mindedness and generosity towards Egypt. We do not want this occasion to pass without once more emphasizing the fact that Egypt has not been granted even the most elementary form of independence, that nothing exists which does in the least resemble Egyptian freedom or an Egyptian constitution, and that neither of these is possible, as long as one British soldier remains on Egyptian soil.

"I will not attempt to describe the pitiful conditions in the Nile valley, or how, and by whom, this new 'Egyptian Constitution' ('Allenby's Constitution' would be a more fitting name) was produced, preferring to leave this task to the abler pen of the far-seeing and unbiased man who publishes the New York weekly, the *Freeman*, and who, a short while ago, published an excellent article on Egyptian conditions, called 'Freedom on the Nile.'"

Here the translation of the whole article follows; then Dr. Rifat resumes:

"There is only one criticism to make: the *Freeman* speaks of Zaghlul Pasha as the leader of the Egyptian National party. Now, Zaghlul Pasha is not the leader of that party, nor was he ever a genuine Nationalist. All through his life he has been an Anglo-Egyptian official, agent for Lord Cromer, that old enemy of Egypt's. The reputation Zaghlul unfortunately has gained at home as well as abroad is the product of a crafty and intensive propaganda. To form a correct opinion of his standpoint, it is only necessary to watch his utterances in the daily English press.

"As the Freeman prophesied, Zaghlul Pasha now has been set free. No sooner did he reach the French coast than he

got in touch with England and, according to the stipulations of his release, began negotiations about Egypt's future. Unfortunately he seems to follow in the footsteps of certain Irish traitors who, while posing as 'leaders' of the Free State, have betrayed their country. In his discussions with England, Zaghlul completely ignores the National Pact—which he but lately had endorsed—and which emphatically demands absolute freedom for Egypt as well as for the Sudan and enclosed territories."

I am, etc., New York City.

HELEN WOLJESKA.

THE CHURCH MILITANT.

Sirs: Apropos of Mr. Bertrand Russell's strictures on the Church and its failure as a restraining force in times of popular stress, the following item which appeared in the London *Times*, 1 July, 1914, on the eve of the declarations of war, fully sustains Mr. Russell's position:

"The Rev. F. L. Wiseman, president of the National Council of the Evangelical Free Churches, has issued the following manifesto to the Free Churches of Great Britain: 'Fellow Free Churchmen: In the grave crisis which has so suddenly arisen, a solemn responsibility rests upon us. In face of the threatening peril the nation realizes itself as one. All parties in the State lay aside their differences and present a united front in supporting the King's Government. In like manner all Christian Churches will be as one in fervent supplication before the throne of Heavenly Grace."

In contrast to this servility of the Church stands the manifesto of a number of University professors and others, which appeared in the same column with the foregoing, and just preceding it:

"We regard Germany as a nation leading the way in the Arts and Sciences, and we have all learnt and are learning from German scholars. War upon her in the interest of Serbia and Russia will be a sin against civilization. If by reason of honourable obligations we be unhappily involved in war, patriotism might still our mouths, but at this juncture we consider ourselves justified in protesting against being drawn into the struggle with a nation so near akin to our own, and with whom we have so much in common."

I am, etc.,

Madison, Wisconsin.

L. B. NAGLER.

THE ORIGIN OF A DIALECT.

Sirs: I think I can throw some light on the genesis of the New York dialect touched on by Journeyman in your issue of 6 June. I believe this dialect represents the emergence of the first and only true American cockneyism.

The speech of the London cockney is distinguished from other dialects by what appears to be a systematic inversion. This inversion consists in omitting the "h" where it should be aspirated, and prefixing the aspirate sound to words beginning with a vowel. The distinguishing feature of the New York dialect is also an inversion. The two examples cited by Journeyman, "kerned" for coined, and "goil" for girl, are typical of a host of others, all in character.

In London, the cockney speech has for generations been recognized as that of the "submerged" population; i. e., the large urban class born in slums, of slum-parents and grand-parents, for certain perpetuation as a class under slum-conditions. In this country, well-recognized slum-classes exist only in the larger cities of the Atlantic seaboard. Chicago and other points west are too young to have yet developed definite, self-perpetuating Whitechapels.

In Boston and the New England mill-towns, certain inversions of speech already exist, and in Philadelphia I think it probable they could be found. In New York, however, the slum-class is bigger, and on the whole older than elsewhere in this country. Its expectation is more definitely known to its members. Hence it is the first to express itself in a systematic inversion of speech.

I believe this New York dialect, like its prototype in London, represents a class-protest, largely unconscious, against a life of terrible sounds, sights, smells and contacts. These exploitees would be as their masters, but they can not. Resisting all instruction, they take on this speech, which is the precise opposite of the speech of their masters.

"Look what you made us," they all seem to say, "but since you will not let us have what we want, we will pretend to glory in what we have, and will make ourselves as objectionable as possible to you in a way which you can not effectively penalize."

This motive may not account for all the peculiarities of speech to be found in New York, but I believe it accounts for the greater number of them. All of the characteristic articulations cited by Journeyman appear to be wilful violations of decent speech. Also, the misuse of parts of speech, which he cites, is characteristic, and so perverse as to appear deliberate.

The case for the economic origin of popular speech-forms has already been argued by Mr. Mencken, and I believe can be proved in detail, not only here in New York, but in every part of the country where a well stratified society exists. Our New York dialect is the perfect linguistic flower of our economic caste-system. I am, etc.,

New York City.

HOWARD K., HOLLISTER.

A TRUE STORY.

SIRS: One of my friends, a man of a conservative type of mind, tells me that while lying on his cot in a sleeping porch near midnight not long ago, in one of those bewitching states between sleeping and waking which come at times to most of us, he seemed to hear as from a near-by wood a curious dialogue, something like this:

"Are you an American?"

"Yes, I am an American. I was born here. My grandfather fought in the Civil War for the Union. My greatgrandfather fought in the War of 1812 on the American side. My great-great-grandfather fought for American independence in the Revolutionary War. They, also, were born in America. Their ancestors came here before 1650."

"What has all that to do with you? We want to know whether you, yourself, are an American."

"Well, I fought across seas with the Allies in the World War. Does that answer your question?"

"No, that does not answer our question. Our question is whether you are an American. Quick, now!"

"Are you asking whether I am a Ku-Klux. I am not a Ku-Klux."

"But are you an American—a hundred per cent American?"

"You mean a Wall-Street American? No, I am not that kind."

"Then you are a Bolshevik, are you?"

"No, I am neither Bolshevik nor Fascist—neither a Red nor a Black. I am an American of the kind that believes in the equal-rights principles of the American Declaration of Independence and the free-speech and free-press guarantees of the American Constitution, which traitors like you—"

"Go to it, boys! Give him hell!"

My friend of the conservative type of mind assures me that his story is true, though not a fact. I wonder what he means. I am, etc.,

Washington, D. C.

Louis F. Post.

BOOKS.

TOLSTOY'S DRAMAS.

THE complete dramatic works of Tolstoy,¹ allowing even for the inadequacies of a translation which can not reproduce the frequent peasant speech and does not quite dare to transfer it boldly into some analogous idiom of our own, are rather less impressive than the vast reputation of the author might lead us to expect. The truth of the matter is that Tolstoy never really mastered the stage, and after reading his description of a rehearsal of "Siegfried," in "What Is Art," or any of his criticisms of Shakespeare, it is not difficult to understand why he never did. Instinctively he was an artist, with a keen sense of character and of dra-

¹ "Tolstoy's Complete Dramatic Works." Translated by Nathan Haskell Dole. New York: Thomas Y. Crowell and Co. \$2.50.

matic conflict, and theatrical representation could probably have interested and moved him deeply had he permitted it to do so. But the dramatic conflict in his own nature between the instinctive artist and the moralist, the seeker for literal Christianity, which drove him finally to the position that art is not art at all unless it can move the average peasant to worthy emotions, drove him also to regard with considerable contempt anything so frivolous and non-ethical as the existing playhouse. In other words, while he wrote plays because his instincts as an artist told him that certain ideas would be best cast in that medium, he did not, apparently, approach the theatre with sufficient respect ever to learn the medium thoroughly. One does not feel that his plays are the work of a great novelist who could not learn to compress a story into the intenser form: one feels, rather, that he is an artist slapdashing at the intenser form, with much natural aptitude, but insufficient practical experience and insufficient enthusiasm for the theatre. This lack of experience was, actually, probably due to lack of respect for the practical playhouse. To have got the experience would have required too close a contact.

Then, too, Tolstoy wrote for the stage at a time when the naturalistic novel was at its peak, especially in his own land, and efforts were being made to carry this method over into the theatre. He himself quite naturally wrote for the theatre in his fictional idiom. But far better dramatists than he never got far, actually, in making dramas on the "slice of life" theory. Already, a quarter of a century later, the naturalistic drama is a vanished phase. Compelling rigid compression, the theatre practically compels also a beginning, a middle and an end; it imposes order and progression and pace. Tolstoy's plays too often lack concentration, or, rather, there is not time in the space of a play to concentrate sufficiently the field he attempts to cover, and their progression is ill-defined and lethargic.

Yet, it will be urged, two of his plays have been acted in New York within a year or so; one of them with much success, which does not appear to indicate a startling lack of practical merit. The more successful one, "The Live Corpse" (acted by Mr. Barrymore as "Redemption"), is the most picturesque of his dramas, both because of its gypsy scenes and songs, and because the character of a likeable ne'er-do-well is always appealing on the stage. But a reading of the complete text shows that even this play, as it came from Tolstoy's hand, is jumpy and prolix. Characters appear from nowhere, quite unexplained. The legal tangle in which Fedya involves his wife is carelessly worked out so that it lacks conviction. Fedya himself, without the melancholy glamour of a Barrymore, seems strangely petty, if not a bit meaningless-to one of an alien race, at any rate.

"The Power of Darkness," the peasant tragedy which Tolstoy wrote as early as 1886, and which the Theatre Guild acted a year ago, is more compact in form, employs fewer characters, and in Russian doubtless has a tang of dialogue which Mr. Dole confesses he can not reproduce in English. It has, too, a superb acting character, the scheming old mother-in-law. But the very fact that Tolstoy wrote two versions of the scene in which the newborn child is murdered in the cellar-one of them a scene of Maeterlinckian indirection, one so literal as to be perilously close to the bizarre on the stage-shows a curious lack of grasp of his material. The play is not simple enough for a folktragedy, and it is not carefully enough wrought for an emotional drama of the first rank, such as Masefield's "Nan," for instance. Losing the rich flavour of peasant reality which the original tongue may convey, it loses enough to make it, in translation, rather second-rate.

"The Light Shines in Darkness," its last act never finished beyond the scenario stage, and the rest ruthlessly cut by the censors before the revolution, is by far the most interesting to read, in that it both reveals the author and provides the suggestion of unusual and effective dramatic conflict. But as a stage-play it is staggering. There are forty-five speaking parts, besides extra people. The four completed acts fill a hundred pages. In this play Tolstoy has endeavoured to put in dramatic form something of his own struggle, since his hero, striving to live the simple Christian life, Ynvolves his family in tribulation, and his disciples and finally himself in tragedy. There is a considerable element of comedy, of course, in many of the situations, especially when the Count is endeavouring to live an early Christian life amid the luxuries and lackeys demanded by his wife and children. But Tolstoy, aware of the irony, seems unaware that such irony is comic in the theatre, and plugs solemnly along ignoring the stage-possibilities. The best illustration in the play, however, of his refusal (or possibly his inability) to make the most of his material theatrically, is in the scene where one of his young disciples refuses to accept service in the army, and is questioned by various officials to discover the reason. Here is a conscientious objector, primed with scripture and high faith, confronting dull officialdom. Yet practically all Tolstoy makes of the scene is an opportunity for the youth to quote Tolstoy's own pacifist opinions. The sheer theatrical side of the situation, the chance for ironic character-comedy, or for tragedy if one likes, goes by the board. One has only to recall what Shaw did with Dick Dudgeon, General Burgoyne and the British officers, in "The Devil's Disciple," to realize the difference between a man who is using the dramatic form to express his ideas, and the man who is also using the dramatic form because he fully understands and loves it, and wishes to squeeze every last drop of effect out of a situation.

An interesting feature of the book is the collection of little dialogues at the end, called "The Wisdom of Children." The children mostly ask embarrassing questions of their elders, concerning taxes, drink, the remuneration of labourers, wealth, art, and so on. Some of these children seem preternaturally wise, even for Russians, but the little dialogues have characteristic point, and some of them manage, in a single page, to create an atmosphere of their own, to evoke tenderness and a smile, as well as thought. In them one can see, first, the germ of the idea Tolstoy wished to convey; and then, as he fitted his characters, one can see those characters springing into life in his mind, and almost scampering away from him, if he would only let them. One can see the artist in eternal warfare with the moralist. If he had not been so intensely a moralist, Tolstoy would have been a purer artist, and incontestably a better dramatist. But, then, he would not have been Tolstoy.

WALTER PRICHARD EATON.

CASANOVA.

M. Le Gras's study of Casanova, sympathetically written and filled with information, comes to America at a time when the adventurer's name is in the air; and it will do a great service if it tempts a few readers to plunge into the enchanted wonderland of the Memoirs themselves; for these great, gay, healthy books, flaming with energy, and

swarming with human lives, are too often dismissed as obscene tracts fit only for the prurient-minded. It is difficult, once the name of Casanova is mentioned, not to speak in their praise: surely they are one of the broad over-worlds of art in which one can live as in reality; and one need only open such eighteenth-century books as Mirabeau's "Libertin de Qualité," or some of those pamphlets attacking Marie Antoinette, to see that in comparison there is something almost virginal about the Memoirs. An atmosphere of fundamental decency really emanates from their pages. Casanova cheated at cards, it is true, and forged now and then, and played the most abominable, if amusing, tricks upon people with his cabbala and his prophecies; and he was a vain and superficial wretch, prating fragments of philosophy and strutting through Europe with his fine lace and his jewellery. But, after all, many people are like that, or would like to be (I doubt if any man ever read the Memoirs without secretly envying their author); and Casanova had the gift of candour, which burns away all trifling irregularities of conduct.

M. Le Gras gives an adequate account of this fiery existence. A priest and man of the world in Venice at sixteen, Casanova abandoned the Church at eighteen, and became first a soldier, then a libertine, traveller and dandy, and finally, having wandered a few years, was thrown into the Venetian Leads at the age of twenty-nine. After fifteen months in prison, he escaped miraculously, and for the next thirty years flashed back and forth across Europe like some mad star. His conquests of women were facile, for chastity was not overestimated in that century. He appeared, he loved, he vanished, frequently carrying off a woman or two, and sometimes a malady which seems to have troubled him not at all. He went elsewhere, received by every one in those brilliant days before his melancholy decline, gambling, swindling, duelling, and above all loving. "To cultivate the pleasure of the senses," he wrote in his charming preface, "was my principal occupation, and a more important one I never had. Feeling myself born for the fair sex, I loved it always, and, as much as possible, made myself loved in return." He spoke Latin, French, Italian; he was handsome, quick-witted, polished, cosmopolitan; he did exactly what he wanted to do. reader will see in these Memoirs that I never aimed at a fixed point, and that the only system I have had, if system it may be called, was to let myself go before the wind that was blowing me." He seems never to have surrendered his love of living. "Happy or unhappy," he wrote, "life is the only good that man possesses, and those who do not love it are unworthy to live."

He was probably contented enough even in the last days of poverty, when he was little more than a retainer of Waldstein; for his prodigious self-love could spread a consoling mirage over his misfortunes, which were not very profound. Alone in the serene library at Dux, disturbed only by servants who looked with a mixture of awe and scorn upon the lean and irritable old man, he wrote page after page of his Memoirs, using French in preference to his native Italian, because it was more widespread, and living over again with joy the adventures of his youth and middle age. Much of Europe was now closed to him, as people had begun to look with distrust upon this fading glutton of happiness; but he still had a multitude of friends, and was able to keep up a vast correspondence. Arthur Symons, in his visit to Dux, found sheaves of letters written in French or Italian, mostly from women, and posted in every city of Europe. His mental activity seems to have been enormous to the very end. Whenever Waldstein returned home, there were merry supper parties during which Casanova amused the company by recounting hundreds of rare tales. He must have been a giant of story-tellers, with endless fecundity and a dry wanton-

² "Casanova, Adventurer and Lover." Joseph Le Gras, Translated by A. Francis Stewart. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company. \$5.00.

ness and irreverence. Perhaps he talked out large portions of his Memoirs before writing them down.

Thousands of characters troop passionately through those amazing volumes. He absorbed from the air of his clear-headed century the gift of compressing a destiny into few words. "She passed from her mother's arms into Lord Albemarle's at the age of thirteen, and her conduct was always respectable. She bore some children whom my lord acknowledged, and died Countess of Erouville." One could go on quoting, for the whole eighteenth century, chancrous under its wigs and laces, is there. Rascally servants, comedians, gamblers; the old Crébillon, with a pipe always in his mouth and a score of cats around him; Voltaire himself, vain and steeped in adulation; Louis XV and his beautiful head which he carried with as much grace as majesty; coaches floundering along muddy roads; cabbalists, dupes, Lesbian nuns; pompous and ignorant German princes aping Versailles with their mistresses and operas; wealthy prelates stuffed with dainties and wines; Madame de la Saône, whose face was a formless black crust, which did not prevent her from having plenty of lovers; and women, women-and the whole lot of them set whirling by the pen of Casanova, gaily, interminably, without doctrines or morality.

Ever since the publication of the Memoirs, after Casanova's death, certain critics have doubted their authenticity, or at least their truthfulness. There is very little reason now to believe them counterfeit, after the numerous investigations that have been made, and especially after Mr. Symons's fruitful voyage to the Castle of Waldstein. How many lies they may contain is, naturally, another question. M. Le Gras is willing to accept Casanova more or less as he painted himself, and this is perhaps the wisest course, for often the simple explanation of literary problems is the best. It is not probable that Casanova was a potential homosexualist, or that he wished to astound his contemporaries, or that Stendhal wrote the Memoirs. (I mention only three of the hypotheses that have been advanced.) He doubtless acted pretty much as he said he did, and was rather proud of it. We have grown timid of late and can not bear to think that a man would confess such things. But Giacomo Casanova, called by himself Chevalier de Seingalt, lived in one of the frankest centuries of history; he led a life that was not unusual in the century; and he wrote candidly because he was enamoured of his own astounding career.

CLARKSON CRANE.

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS.

For the sources of modern art we must turn to France. Out of that country came the new creative spirit, a revolutionary zeal which has rapidly spread throughout the world, and which has at last infected the complacent pedagogy of the American academies. A few years ago the modern stream ran swift and strong, but it was decidedly a French current. Paris was turbulent; art was in the air; the spirit expanded; and men prophesied another Renaissance in painting. In those phrenetic days it was customary to speak of recent manifestations as part of the new "movement." A memorable and appropriate term! Movement, without which there can be neither life nor art! Movement, the compelling force behind the genius of Paul Cézanne! To-day the plenary inspiration of modernism is spent, and its ferocious enthusiasms are quiescent and methodical. It is well, then, to turn once more to France, to see if the younger men are pressing forward as standard-bearers of the renascence of art, or if the exciting wave which produced them has already become motionless and stagnant. To this inquiry Mr. Jan Gordon has brought considerable knowledge of the history and craft of painting; but unfortunately he is unable to connect his knowledge with the human impulses which find liberation in art.

Mr. Gordon, an Englishman and a painter, delivers his opinions in the aphoristic manner of the café-philosophers of Paris. His book1 is incoherent, difficult to follow, and monotonous in its efforts at brilliant condensation-obviously the work of one in the habit of talking rather than of thinking. He is neither a psychologist nor an æsthetician: he complains bitterly that the "literature of art in the English language, though formidable in amount, is foolish in quality . . . almost invariably it has considered painting as the handmaiden of literature." There is a good deal of truth in this statement, but aside from technical matters Mr. Gordon's criticism is essentially English and literary. The following passages are characteristic: "Beauty is not increased by understanding, because at its root beauty is a reaction of the senses." "Renoir is a painter of luscious rather than pretty women—he goes back to the old Greek religion of worship of the flesh. One can imagine him walking along with an Athenian procession." "Gauguin first attracts by his literature; he entices us by the lure of the primeval." "Marie Laurencin's compositions have in them a gesture. They make us think of those impromptu tales which mothers invent for children upon a winter's evening." "Vlaminck's painting makes us think of a musician tearing improvisations out of the bowels of a double bass."

According to Mr. Gordon, the history of art is the development of a succession of various languages, nine in all; and modern pictures are painted exclusively in one idiom, the French. From this arbitrary classification he passes on to Impressionism, Cézanne, Renoir, Van Gogh, and Gauguin, and then to a detailed account of the younger generation in Paris. Technically his analysis of Impressionism is accurate and complete; and while it must be admitted that the radicalism of this school was almost entirely concerned with processes, still we can not afford to overlook its historical significance. From the Renaissance to Monet the trend of painting, with such notable exceptions as Ingres, Delacroix, Courbet and Daumier, was towards the dissolution of form and the unimaginative worship of nature. Impressionism was the logical culmination of naturalistic methods. The aim of the movement was to portray objects with the brilliancy and vibrant animation of nature itself, and fundamentally it was directly allied with the imitative procedure of Manet and the Dutch and Spanish tone-painters. Monet and his disciples revitalized a drab palette, but æsthetically they left little to the world—their most celebrated canvases have proved to be only charming and convincing representations of sunlight. The modernist uprising was primarily a revolt against the formless inanities of the Impressionists; and through its protagonist, Cézanne, art was restored to a creative basis, the reconstruction of experience.

The essay on Cézanne is slight and unimportant. Mr. Gordon discusses at some length the "functional use of colour"; that is, the building of form by the juxtaposition of coloured planes, or the application of colours according to their relative intensities. This is an old and exploded theory. Painters are always eager to seize upon a formula, to discover some short-cut to construction; and a decade past it was the spectrum scale derived from Cézanne. By introducing the spectrum tints from yellow to violet in the modelling of his forms from light to dark, Cézanne did, to a certain extent, succeed materially in uniting form and colour, but not as a means of increasing "space sensations," as the author loosely phrases it. As a matter of fact, the spatial position of colour is not

^{1&}quot;Modern French Painters." Jan Gordon. New York: Dodd, Mead and Co. \$7.50.

determined by its scientific coefficient—if this were the case painting would be an intolerable repetition, and every canvas an absolute combination of colours, yellow on the top forms, through a perfect intermediate range, to the violet shadows-but by the personal vision of the artist. If the black and white values of a picture are correct, the individual forms may be modelled in any tonal scale consistent with a general harmonic scheme. In summarizing Cézanne's æsthetic accomplishments, Mr. Gordon has this to say: "Cézanne is trying to create a world as real in its own way as the world of perception; Van Gogh, on the other hand, is trying to create a world more real than the world of perception." A curious distinction indeed! Now it is undeniable that Cézanne strove for reality, a full, robust, external kingdom whose mass and depth would stimulate the soul; but how he intended to realize this without transcending the world of perception I can not imagine.

It seems that Gauguin, under the delusion that an artist possessed, "even before a line was put down, a mental conception of what he wished to draw," refused to alter his work; and furthermore, that he insisted that all correction was useless. Mr. Gordon shares this opinion, "if we think of it as representing an image which exists in the mind alone, and only based upon nature." The idea that a painter visualizes the complete form of his graphic object before attempting to present it is prevalent among critics, but is inexcusable in an artist. I should like to see a painter whose perception of relationships is artistically infallible, who can organize even a limited unit of form, a human arm, let us say, entirely within his imagination, and then mechanically externalize the concept with a pencil. Such a prodigy would need no models, and make no mistakes.

The chapter on Renoir brings up the eternal problem of composition in art. "Nothing," says the author, "is more disturbing in a poem than a too pedantic insistence upon the mechanical precision of the line, or in music a too rigid adherence to the construction of the bar. So in painting when the work is too palpably constructed; the eye quickly loses its interest and finds the work tedious and manufactured." I grant the validity of this argument, but Mr. Gordon must not forget that in the masters of art-in Giotto, Masaccio, Michelangelo, El Greco, and Cézanne—the evidences of building are quite apparent; and that it is precisely through this constructive element that art is humanized and differentiated from the lawless world of nature. It is only when men have nothing to say, as in the work of the later Cubists, that art becomes a barren method and pictures appear tedious and manufactured.

It is perhaps too early to make a final estimate of the contemporary painters of France; but we can safely assert that no man living can approach Cézanne in nobility of purpose, in grim, imaginative strength, and in high artistic vision. Cézanne, in his own words, was a primitive; and it is the primitive and incomplete nature of his genius that has inspired the bewildering and variegated upheavals of modernism. He gave painting a tremendous impetus towards its genuine province, the world of ideas; but who among his countrymen is big enough to carry on the spiritual burden? Of his mature successors, Picasso, a remarkably gifted man, has never been able to decide upon a definite course-with the metaphysical subtlety of a Spaniard he is constantly experimenting, now with sculpturesque figures, now with flat abstractions; Matisse, probably the most original colourist alive, is at best a painter of still-life; Derain is a huge and competent eclectic; and Marchand, a composer of intelligence, is still swayed by the mechanics of Cubism. The younger men have preserved the French tradition of fine painting in the material sense: all are consummate technicians, but imaginatively they are undistinguished. The Americans have nothing to fear from the French, and not a great deal to learn from tendencies now operating in Paris. As far as I can discover, Paris is losing its ascendancy over plastic ideas—not that the city is artistically dead or even sterile, but that its vitality is derived from external sources. An examination of recent exhibitions reveals an imposing list of foreigners: Kisling, Pascin, Larianoff, Utrillo, Segonzac, Gritchenko, Chirico, Zadkine—to name but a few. If the American student feels within his heart that he must go to Paris, then I advise him by all means to go, but to spend most of his time in the Louvre.

THOMAS CRAVEN.

IROQUOIS FOLK-LORE.

WHILE the folk-tales of our Central Algonkian tribes have been popularized by Schoolcraft and Longfellow, and the traditions of the plains area are familiar to many through the writings of Grinnell and others, the Iroquois have not been equally fortunate. Lewis H. Morgan, the best-known of earlier investigators, was apparently much less interested in this phase of aboriginal life than in social organization; and though other observers have made ample collections, the results have either remained unpublished or have been buried in series not readily accessible to the laity. Thus, the Thirty-second Annual Report of the Bureau of American Ethnology, issued in 1918, is wholly devoted to "Seneca Fiction, Legends, and Myths"; it incorporates the material gathered by the late Jeremiah Curtin and Mr. J. N. B. Hewitt, and is provided with introductory and explanatory notes by the latter. However, it is doubtful whether the public has taken cognizance of this important and distinctly readable source of information. The lack of a popular work on the subject is now supplied by an authorized publication, in ordinary book form, of Curtin's collection. The Seneca form one of the most noted members of the famous Iroquois league.

It is an anthropological commonplace that "myth" and "tale" can not be sharply separated in a consideration of primitive peoples, because the very set of incidents that is told round the family fire-place for mere entertainment may become invested with a halo of sacredness when associated with the accounts of their ritualistic origin that have been evolved by the priesthood. However, in general parlance the myth is conceived as possessed of greater dignity than the mere Märchen, and accordingly it seems worth while to point out that most of the specimens here brought together are rather tales of fiction than cosmogonic or other philosophical narratives. Like most series of Indian traditions, the Curtin collection exemplifies, on the one hand, the extent to which certain episodes and conceits have been disseminated on the Continent and, on the other, how in spite of this indubitable fact of diffusion every group nevertheless achieved some measure of individuality. Thus, the conflict of Thunder with a water-snake is a favourite motive hundreds of miles to the west of the Iroquois, and the "magic flight" of heroes who cast objects transformed into obstacles into the path of the pursuing ogre, has a wide distribution in the Old as well as the New World. Nevertheless, there are not a few features without close parallels in other bodies of folk-lore.

Enjoyable as this collection will doubtless prove to many readers as a revelation of aboriginal fancy, it would have gained value from the addition of some notes setting forth the significance of the legendary figures and explaining the social usages portrayed in the tales. Some twenty

^{1&}quot;Seneca Indian Myths." Jeremiah Curtin. New York: E. P. Dutton & Company. \$5.00.

closely printed pages are devoted to this task in the Bureau report mentioned above, and a less technically-minded audience might well crave additional information.

ROBERT H. LOWIE.

THE ANCIENT GRUDGE.

"Clericis laicos," said the last of the great mediæval popes, and he adds in substance what an English cardinal asserted two centuries later: "semper infestos." (Laymen are always hostile to a clergy.) The world does not more surely love a lover than it hates an expert, often with good reason; and if there is any clergy that laymen have pursued with a permanent and unrelenting rancour, it is the body of lawyers, the mystery of the justice-mongers.

I suppose the particularly exasperated tone in which lay hostility is expressed is due to a resentment that there should be a class of experts in justice. Does not every one know what is right? If then the virtuous John Doe claims of the knavish Richard Roe no more than his just due, can it be anything except fraud, chicanery, pedantry, dull worship of precedent, that can induce a court to give judgment for knavish Richard? Or again, if the case is reversed, if Doe is at fault, and Richard righteous, can the former succeed, except by fraud or pedantry, as aforesaid? Obviously not. Since, by arithmetical computation, in about half of all the thousand thousand lawsuits since the beginning of contentiousness, there is a virtuous John or a righteous Richard, we find abundant confirmation of the imbecility or wickedness of the experts in justice.

How is this to be met? The remedy is as easy as the evil is apparent. Abolish law and lawyers! In December, 1918, the Federated Soviet Republic abolished all the imperial laws formerly in force and declared the only source of law to be the revolutionary consciousness of the judge. If Mr. J. H. Clancey of the Bentham Institute does not go so far in the fourteen points stated in his book, "The Law and its Sorrows," it is because, I fear, after all and all, he is still too deeply enmeshed in superstitious reverence for the past. He will let judges serve eight years; he sets an age-limit of sixty-eight years and gives them five thousand dollars as salary. That does not seem very drastic, and will satisfy neither radicals nor conservatives. One has a feeling that when Mr. Clancey is through, he has not, with all his cuts and thrusts, done much damage to the monster he is attacking.

It would be easy to jibe at Mr. Clancey's inconsistencies, his grandiloquence, the simplicity of his psychology, if it were not that the evils of which he complains are real, and that at least one of his fourteen points represents a feasible and easily realized reform—the simplification of procedure. The confrontation of the litigants, the reduction of their voluminous and conflicting presentations to a relatively simple issue of fact to be tried by a tribunal of tested competence, is a not impossible method of lightening the burden of our procedural entanglements. We have, as a matter of fact, made noteworthy progress in this respect since the days of Jarndyce v. Jarndyce, but much remains to be done. However, Mr. Clancey might be reminded that he must not claim originality. Almost the very system he advocates was used, it appears, in the court of the peregrine prætor at Rome, as early as 242 B. C., and in all Roman courts a century later. That, later on, a bureaucratic Empire devised the accumulated mass of cartularies under which we still suffer, is never sufficiently to be deplored.

Yet the direction of reforms is not very different from that which Mr. Clancey points out. There ought cer-

tainly to be a restatement of principles and a humanization of forms. It does not quite follow that the restatement will be simple, if by simplicity we mean brevity: and it does not follow that either result will be achieved by putting the task in the hands of laymen. Left to themselves, lawyers will do nothing. But, left to itself, no institution would ever be reorganized. Indeed, lawyers have more frequently revised their mystery than the mercantile and agricultural classes that make up the bulk of the community have revised theirs. To say that liberalminded and capable lawyers, who alone can accomplish anything worth while in this business, form a small minority, is only to say of human inertia, what physicists tell us of an even grosser inertia. Somewhere, something must provide the necessary acceleration. I think that the Law Institute that Mr. Walter W. Cook describes is more likely to accomplish this than Mr. Clancey's Bentham Institute; although Mr. Cook labours under the handicap of being an eminent teacher of law.

Most of Mr. Clancey's sorrows are derived from that commonly aired grievance against the law-its dependence on precedents, the "dead hand of the past," "the distortion of living right to fit leathern rules." For all its frequency, this is not an ancient complaint. In an older day, nobles and commons made their loudest protests over innovations. The cry was for the old dooms, the ancient laws, the established customs of the realm. But the fifty per cent of defeated litigants have since become articulate, and, as they generally find a precedent quoted to support an adverse decision, they are loud in their disapproval. I suppose it would be cruel to disabuse them, but the fact is that in most cases the adverse decision is arrived at on very general grounds-or on very special and personal ones-and that a precedent is then diligently sought in support of it. Courts will not admit that this is so, and laymen will not be convinced of it. Mr. Clancey, I am sure, would treat the suggestion with scorn.

Not so Mr. John P. Frey, whose book on the Labour Injunction has a commendatory introduction by Mr. Samuel Gompers.¹ Mr. Frey inveighs against the disregard of precedents by courts professing to be moved by conscience, as bitterly as though he were Sir Edward Coke resisting the encroachments of the King's chancery. He has abundant evidence. During the nineteenth century, the growth of the power of labour stirred courts into vigorous opposition. Injunctions had formerly been granted as subsidiary relief, to prevent the threatened destruction of physical property. Against labour, injunctions were granted to protect the vaguest contract rights, until, at last, a property right was found to lie in the injunctive remedy itself. It had always been law that persuasion could never be wrongful, if the act suggested was not wrongful. In the boycott cases, persuasion to do an undoubtedly lawful thing was declared a wrong. Importunities short of constituting a breach of the peace, our law had never held actionable. But members of a labourunion might not be importunate, if their importunities, however peaceful, could be described as picketing. Then there was that astounding injunction that Mr. Daugherty succeeded in getting from Judge Wilkerson in the summer of 1922. All these were in the strictest sense unprecedented, and Mr. Frey is correspondingly angry.

Mr. Frey has given a pretty complete presentation of the case of labour against the courts and has commented on it vigorously. Under a theory of law which rests on general principles and deductive reasoning from them, his arguments are irrefutable. But the difficulty is that they merely prove that law is not a matter of general principles and deductive reasoning. It has never been

^{1 &}quot;The Law and Its Sorrows." James Hannibal Clancey. Detroit: The Bentham Institute.

¹ "The Labour Injunction." John P. Frey. (Privately Published.) pp. xiv 197.

that. Sociological jurisprudence is new only in its name and its self-consciousness. What we may say of Justice Taft and his brethren in spirit is that they are convinced of the value of a certain social theory and are determined to judge cases according to the measure in which they do or do not further that theory. This, I make bold to say, is quite unexceptionable. Indeed, it is inevitable. The innovations that Mr. Frey denounces are real steps towards the extension of the influence of social theory in the sphere of jurisprudence. A flexibility of system that enables Judges Taft and Wilkerson to apply their social theory, may permit their liberal successors to apply a different one. It is for Mr. Frey and his friends to hasten the day of succession.

The administration of justice according to law is not an easy matter, even if the existence of law and its purpose are taken for granted. What then shall we say of international law, whose right to its name is questioned nowhere so much as among lawyers, and whose purposes vary from establishing rules of the road for combatants, to that of creating a peaceable cosmopolis out of all the peoples of the world? Mr. Jackson H. Ralston, who has much at heart the latter of these purposes, has written a little book which he calls "Democracy's International Law." 1 Mr. Ralston's thesis is that we should apply to nations the standards of "proper conduct of an honest man, a good citizen and, if you will, the head of a family." But the very earliest of the "professors" of international law thought that its basis was natural reason and the most emphatic contemners of international law, as law, called it "merely" precepts of positive morality. Suppose we admit that the application of the homely and domestic virtues to international affairs is a solution, we are as far as ever from knowing how to compel nations to be longsuffering, modest and scrupulous. Apparently they will not be so without compulsion.

Law, it was said long ago, is the art of doing equity. That it is an art, means that it needs a little more effort to understand it than laymen generally give to it. That it is often badly practised and secures notable inequity, is something for which laymen and lawyers are equally responsible. Where rapacity is powerful enough to control the economic order of a State, it will easily dominate the legal machinery. Even that highly intelligent Yahoo, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, who gave his Houyhnhnm master such an unflattering account of justice in his native country, did not succeed in saying more than this incontrovertible fact.

Max Radin.

SHORTER NOTICES.

In his study of "Nature in American Literature," 2 Professor Foerster reveals himself as a disciple of Professor Irving Babbitt. The same doctrinal touchstones which Professor Babbitt has applied to the French, English and German romanticists—"dualism versus monism," "inner control versus expansive sympathy," "meditation versus revery," etc., Professor Foerster has applied painstakingly to the long line of American nature-writers from Cooper and Bryant to Muir and Burroughs. Every one who knows the method, then, will expect to see the prizes given and the penalties bestowed on a basis that frequently seems somewhat narrowly "ideological." Not that the method is never revelatory: Professor Foerster gets close to the centre of a man like Lowell when he points out the "confusion of mind and heart from which he never extricated himself"; and his analysis of Burroughs's essential spiritual indolence sheds a light upon that writer which, if it is pitiless, is genuinely searching. The defect of the method is that it permits a too facile estimate of many creative writers on the ground simply of their intellectual assent to the moral law; let an author like Mr. Arnold Bennett pay knee

tribute to the "inner check," and a critic like Professor Sherman exalts him above his greatest contemporaries. The effect of the method upon Professor Foerster's criticism, despite its sensitiveness and magnanimity, is the effect predictable of any excessive intellectualism: the creative artist emerges only too seldom as anything more than, in the narrow sense, a "thinker."

It is unusual to find a piece of minor literary history rendered at once with such erudition and such good sense as Professor Pattee's "The Development of the American Short Story." 1 Towards all the writers whom he criticizes he is singularly and admirably without reverence: the journalistic nuance in Poe's tales he brings out without embarrassment, and Jack London and O. Henry he appraises, as every true critic must appraise them, with an unuttered conviction that, remarkable as they are, they can not be taken quite seriously. This is admirable. The chief fault of the book, unavoidable one may be forgiven for thinking, is that, concerned with the development of the American short story, it does not show that development very clearly. It would be hard, to say the least, to prove that the last state of the short story-in America or anywhere else in the world—is better than its first. Scott wrote a century ago a short story, "Wandering Willie's Tale," which in everything but its genius might be written by any practician of the art to-day. In a certain genre Poe reached perfection; and when Bret Harte later on burst in from the Pacific with his tales of mining life he did not add anything to the development which culminated in Poe: he brought with him an almost entirely new thing. After its appearance that new thing existed side by side with the tale according to Poe; and they still exist in that relation. The most striking attribute of literature for the literary historian, indeed, is not its development, but its variety; and Professor Pattee's book is not really a history of the development of the American short story, but a description of its variety. It is all the truer in being that, but it would have been more impressive had the author accepted it from the beginning as being just that. In such a volume Professor Pattee could hardly avoid giving the table of attributes of a "good short story"; but in striving to be complete he loses the organic breath of these qualities, mentioning ten, where two, shortness and unity, comprise all that is essential. The matter of the book is, it must be added, more interesting than the style, which could well have been a little more vivacious.

EX LIBRIS.

It is impossible that the story of Abélard and Héloise should ever become old. It is the habit of poets, whether they write in prose or verse, to linger over the sad experiences of lovers, when those lovers have broken the law. That a law should be broken is the very essence of romance; romance in its fullest sense can not exist if it goes so parallel with the law that the keeping of the law is a part of it. Every now and then a new interest in that amazing heroine, Héloïse, is excited in our world. The present renaissance of this appalling and touching story of the flowering time of the Middle Ages is supposed to be due to the printing of George Moore's masterpiece, "Abélard and Héloïse," the most consummate work of art that this man of genius has ever produced. Yet this book, characteristically enough, is very true in its atmosphere and at times very false in its essentials. In the latter part, Moore has done great injustice to the nobility of the character of Héloïse.

It is an opportune time, then, for the appearance of a translation of the narrative of Abélard on which so many romances have been founded—and so many romances that misinterpret the spirit of the Middle Ages. In 1070, the year in which Pierre du Pallet, known as Abélard, was born—he died in 1142—men did not despise the building of bridges; and in that year the great efflorescence of

^{1 &}quot;Democracy's International Law." Jackson H. Ralston. Washington: John Byrne & Co.
2 "Nature in American Literature." Norman Foerster. New York:
The Macmillan Company. \$1.75.

^{1 &}quot;The Development of the American Short Story: An Historical Survey." Fred Lewis Pattee, New York: Harper and Brothers, \$2,50.

Gothic art began. Yet the building of bridges, on which St. Francis of Assisi himself invoked the blessings of the Church, and the creation of great cathedrals, were not considered as important as researches in philosophy and theology. Chartres and Rheims were expressions of a beauty which the philosophers had sought as truth; and theology and philosophy were expected to go hand in hand. The things of the mind and the soul counted first. There can hardly be a better document on this spirit than Mr. Ralph Adams Cram's introduction to this book, although in certain passages he seems hardly to do justice to the character of Abélard when refined and elevated by his irreparable misfortunes, or to that of John of Salisbury. It is true that this acute dialectician, Abélard, brought all his misfortunes on himself. When he turned from philosophy to theology he seemed almost as insubordinate as Luther was in his earlier days, before he broke with the Church completely. But Abélard had never any intention of breaking with the Church. The Church in the Middle Ages was the protector, not only of law and order, but of individual freedom; it was the very essence of the whole social system; it stood for individualism within certain bounds which might be explained by philosophy; and the "Historia Calamitatum" shows how mental and moral freedom might exist in a system which is looked upon to-day as hopelessly enslaving.

THE story of the mutilation of Abélard is not always interpreted truly in the hundreds of big and little textbooks devoted to the misinterpretation of history. It is made to mean mere impotence: it really meant that he could never attain to the higher offices of the Church. Origen had been condemned by self-mutilation. Abélard himself confesses that he performed an unpardonably ignoble part in seducing Héloïse. His narrative is simply told, and told in the spirit of the time. What is not generally understood is, as Mr. Cram points out, that in the time when the teachings of the Catholic Church on faith and morality were unquestioned, the sins of the flesh were looked upon as secondary to the sins of the spirit-to avarice, to inordinate pride, to injustice, to tyranny; and when Abélard began to teach again, after his fall, his position was in no way affected by the fact that Héloïse had been his mistress or that she had become his wife. The charitable public concluded that she had repented and showed her repentance by her spiritual life; and that was enough. One can not help contrasting the point of view of the eleventh century with that of the Calvinistic spirit of the missionary in "Rain," who may be exaggerated, but who represents a moral teaching which would have been looked upon as devilish in the eleventh and twelfth centuries.

HÉLOÏSE was exalted when her illegitimate son was born, but she would not be married if she could help herself. She tells Abélard that her uncle, Fulbert—this was before his terrible vengeance, of course—would look on marriage only as an opportunity to take a greater revenge. Abélard had gone back to his own country in order to make Héloïse his wife and to legitimatize his child, who was called Astrolabe. Héloïse, who believed earnestly in the high future of Abélard, made these arguments:

What penalties would the world rightly demand of her if she should rob it of so shining a light! What curses would follow such a loss to the Church, what tears among the philosophers would result from such a marriage! How unfitting, how lamentable it would be for me, whom nature had made for the whole world, to devote myself to one woman solely, and to subject myself to such humiliation! She

vehemently rejected this marriage, which she felt would be in every way ignominious and burdensome to me.

She reminded him of the hardships of married life and quoted St. Paul: "Art thou loosed from a wife? Seek not a wife." If he would heed neither the councils of the Apostles nor the exhortations of the saints regarding this heavy yoke of matrimony, she insisted that he should consider the advice of philosophers. What possible concord, she asked, could there be between scholars and difficulties with servants, between authors and cradles? Philosophers, she insisted, are generally poor; they must live amid the whining of children and the scolding of nurses. Even if a philosopher were rich, he could not pursue theology or the study of great authors and be distracted by the cares of domesticity or business! He himself was a cleric and canon; if there were laymen who preferred continency in order to pursue their studies, why should not he? With all the privileges of a cleric, he could not lower his dignity by taking a wife. Abélard had consented to the marriage demanded by her uncle on condition that it must be kept secret-a condition which, he ought to have known, the old canon, who wanted to be respectable, would be the last man to keep. It would be sweeter for her to be called the mistress of a philosopher than to be known as his wife; for, as a scholar herself, she despised philosophers who married. All this offers an interesting study in psychology to the advanced novelists who seem to have discovered at last that sex really exists. Abélard entered the Abbey of Saint Denis, through shame; he was a eunuch, and despised in the high places of the Church. Héloïse took the veil in the convent of her youth, at Argenteuil.

ABÉLARD cries like David out of the depths; but however querulous he may seem to be, one discovers underneath it all one of the keenest, coldest, and most searching minds that has ever existed in Western Europe. That he was a Nominalist and not a Realist in philosophy told against him; but the mere fact of his Nominalism would not have excited the opposition of men like St. Bernard if they had not feared that his system might lead to an excuse for the undervaluation of the precepts of Christianity and for breaches of law. To reconcile the dogmas of the Trinity and of the Incarnation and the Resurrection with reason by the processes of Aristotle was his main object, although some of his contemporaries wearied as greatly of the stress laid on the Universals as poor Louis XIV and his Court must have wearied of the daily Jansenistic arguments about grace, and of the Jesuit replies. The consideration of the Universals was as the very breath of life to him, and in all his philosophical and theological research he had the unswerving support and sympathy of that master-mind among the women of her time, Héloïse. She saw the glory of God shining through Abélard, and she worshipped the glory; but above all else he must be true to what was, in her eyes, the greatest mission that an earthly man could fulfilthe progress of philosophical truth.

ALL of us have read the glosses on the story of Abélard, and many of us have looked forward to seeing some day or other as great a tragedy as "Romeo and Juliet" founded on the most pathetic romance of all time—a romance which centred in the heroism of a woman who could have lived only at a time when the freedom of the individual was better understood than it is now. To the man or woman who has pondered over the tragedy of these two human creatures, this book is greater than any vision of any poet—who might embroider it without adding to its truth or sad beauty.

MAURICE FRANCIS EGAN.

¹ "Historia Calamitatum" (The Story of My Misfortunes). An autobiography by Peter Abélard. Translated by Henry Adams Bellows. Introduction by Ralph Adams Cram. St. Paul: Thomas A. Boyd. \$7.50.

"Closed for the Summer" is not seen on Culture's portals.

This is the season at which readers instruct us to send the Freeman to them in all quarters of the globe. It would seem as if their holiday were not complete without this paper.

We have frequently asserted that the thermometer is an instrument on which only heat and cold register, not brain-activity. In fact, just as some meat-eaters argue that they need more, not less, meat in warm weather, we believe that the brain can assimilate more successfully when the mercury goes up and the normal occupation ebbs than when the weather is cool and men are busy at their regular jobs.

We are all for golf and tennis and yachting, for those who are free to indulge in sports; but even those fortunate citizens find that the mental life has to be lived, and that the score-card, as a subject for thought and conversation, possesses only limited possibilities.

Art and literature and science continue their inevitable round and wait for no man. Now, at this season, you can put in those hours of reading that you have been promising yourself all winter. The foundation of your summer reading may well be the FREEMAN.

Readers of Mr. Nock's series, now appearing in this paper, are certain to be interested in

THE STATE

Its History and Development Viewed Sociologically

By FRANZ OPPENHEIMER

Professor of Political Science at the University of Frankfort

Professor of Political Science at the University of Frankfort

This scientific work on the origin, essence and purpose of the State traces
the development of the State from "its socio-psychological genesis up to its
modern constitutional form." Dr. Oppenheimer shows that if the student
understands the inner meaning of the State, then only will he be able to
realize the significance of the legal forms under which its power is assumed. He proves that the conventional theories of the origins of state
formations are useless and irreconcilable because none of them treats the
subject definitely from the sociological standpoint.

It is demonstrated that the State could have originated only in a barbaric
age of conquest and migration and that its evolution is clearly the result
of land monopoly. The justification and sole reason for the State is the
economic exploitation of the subjected.

There is a comprehensive outline of universal history showing the rôle of

There is a comprehensive outline of universal history showing the rôle of the State in every defined form of human congregation. The author's preface to this new edition reaffirms his original conclusions in the light of the political and economic upheaval since the book was first published.

Some comments on "The State":

ROSCOE POUND:
"I am sure an English translation of 'The State' will be of service to all who are interested in political theory and you have rendered a distinct service by publishing it."

CHARLES A. BEARD:
"I am glad that you have done Oppenheimer's important work into English. There is no doubt that the younger generation of students is turning to an economic interpretation of political evolution, and they will welcome Oppenheimer's book."

EDWARD A. ROSS:

"The study of this book ought to be a splendid discipline for minds that have been wandering in the cloud-land of speculation. This book will help the citizen to a more realistic appreciation of what is going on in the field of American government to-day."

THE AMERICAN JOURNAL OF SOCIOLOGY:

"Everyone who is trying to keep pace with sociological and economic thought must read this book... no one before has put it in such conclusive form that the function of political control is virtually co-ordinate with physical cause and effect in shaping economic institutions... He has invented a master key to sealed vaults in capitalistic theory."

The offer renewed:

"THE STATE"

(Retail price, \$2.00)

and

The FREEMAN for a year (Regular price, \$6.00)

Both for \$6.00

THE FREEMAN,

116 West 13th St., New York.

For the enclosed \$6.00 send the FREEMAN for one year to

and Oppenheimer's "The State"

172